

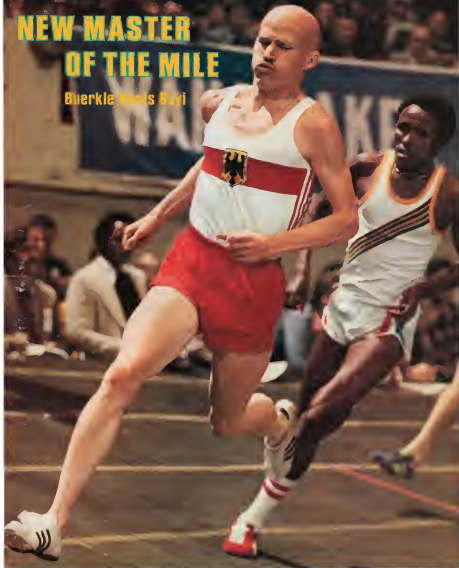
# Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 6, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

## NEW MASTER OF THE MILE

Buerkle Beats Bayi





# THE HALF-INCH REASON WHY OUR FILTER GIVES YOU MORE TASTE.

## The L&M Lights Flavor Tube Filter<sup>TM</sup> delivers the taste of 100% virgin tobacco.

Unfortunately, most filters filter more than just "tar." They also filter away taste. So when we designed L&M lights and decided to use 100% virgin tobacco "fllets" for flavor, we had to create a whole new filter to deliver its taste. A filter that would allow taste to reach you. The Flavor Tube Filter. Inserted in our fiber filter, this  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch tube channels a stream of undiluted, full-flavored smoke through most of the filter length. The fiber filter surrounding the Flavor Tube keeps "tar" at a low 8 mg. Our Flavor Tube Filter. It's the reason why we can give you better taste.

**REALLY REAL TASTE.  
ONLY 8MG. "TAR."**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Flavor Lights, Long Lights, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

# Most new car problems start just about the time most new car warranties stop.

## Introducing the Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile warranty.

If anything major goes wrong with a car, chances are it won't happen in the first year. That's why every new Fiat now comes with a 2 year or 24,000 mile power train warranty.

Manufacturer	Standard new car warranty*	Power train warranty*
Fiat	12 mos. or 12,000 mi	24 mos. or 24,000 mi. on engine, transmission and drive train
Toyota	12 mos. or 12,000 mi	
Datsun	12 mos. or 12,000 mi	
Honda	12 mos. or 12,000 mi	
Volkswagen	12 mos. or 20,000 mi	
Chevette	12 mos. or 12,000 mi	
Fiesta	12 mos. or 12,000 mi	

So the first year, you're covered for just about anything that could go wrong.

And the second year, you're covered for the major things like transmission, drive train and most engine parts.

We can do this because, over the last few years, we've spent millions of dollars making Fiats more reliable and more dependable.

And now we can pass the extra confidence

we have in our cars on to you in the form of our new power train warranty. You can check out the warranty and the cars at any one of our almost 700 Fiat dealers.

And while you're there, take a new Fiat for a drive. If you've never driven one, we predict you'll really be amazed at the way it drives.

And when you still have a power train warranty after most other cars' warranties have expired, we predict you'll really be glad you bought a Fiat.

### Here's How You're Protected.

Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. will warrant to the retail purchaser each part of each new 1978 Fiat except tires and batteries to be free, under normal use and service, from defect in material and workmanship for 12,000 miles or 12 months from the date of delivery, whichever event shall first occur. The transmission, drive train and most engine parts will be warranted for a total of 24,000 miles or 24 months from the date of delivery, whichever event occurs first. Any part found to be defective will be replaced or repaired at the option of Fiat. See your Fiat dealer for exact terms of the Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. Warranty.



\*From date of delivery.

**FIAT**

First we improved the car.  
Then we improved the warranty.

# TWA introduces Round-Trip Check-In. Check in once. Fly twice.

## Check in once, fly twice. With Round-Trip Check-In.

Now on TWA, you can check in for both your outbound and return flights at the same time.

Here's how to do it.

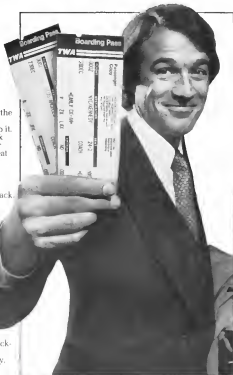
When you check in at the start of your trip, we'll give you seat assignments and boarding passes for both your outbound and return flights.

Then, on your way back, once you've passed security, you can get right on board your plane with no waiting.

It's one less line in your life.

All we ask is that you board your flight at least 15 minutes before departure.

Round-Trip Check-In is available for domestic flights only,



and can be arranged as much as 28 days in advance of your return flight.

No other airline has it.

## Select your seat on any flight in advance.

Now on TWA you can select and reserve the type of seat you prefer in advance.

We've set aside a number of seats on every flight especially for this purpose.

When you or your Travel Agent make your reservation just tell us the type of seat you prefer (such as non-smoking, window seat).

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For more information, call your Travel Agent or TWA.

# TWA



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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Some years ago in this space we introduced, briefly, two of our longtime special correspondents, Jack Tobin (Feb. 1, 1965) and Theodore O'Leary (Jan. 10, 1966). Last week we asked them for a fuller report on themselves and their activities, and we are pleased to note they are in fine fettle.

O'Leary, 68, our man in Kansas City, still covers a good portion of the Midwest. A 1932 Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Kansas, he played basketball for Phog Allen.

"To me," O'Leary recalls, "James A. Naismith was less the inventor of basketball than a mustachioed, middle-aged man who fooled around teaching fencing and wrestling and taught a boring hygiene class required of all UK freshmen. Adolph Rupp was just another second-string guard on one of Allen's greatest teams. When I was 12 or so, one night I sat behind the Kansas bench and watched Allen's oldest son, my best friend, pin a 'Kick Me' sign on Rupp's athletic supporter."

O'Leary coached basketball himself, at George Washington University, for two years, then went to work for the *Kansas City Star*, writing book reviews and features. His most notable piece for us is probably the one on the last days of Stan Musial's career.

"I am nearing my 20th year with *SI* and my 44th as a book critic for the *Star*," he said last week. "My library has reached 60,000 volumes. Trying to induce the exit of a raccoon that had gnawed its way into the house, I had sufficient supplies to build a high, winding lane to the door, constructed of volumes of O'Hara, Marquand, Bellow, Roth, etc. (It didn't work.) I have now reviewed probably 3,500 books, and one trend I have noticed has been an upsurge in the quality of those dealing with sport, a fact I attribute primarily to the influence of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. In literature, I believe and hope, Gresham's Law works in reverse: good writing drives out bad."

"I have been playing tennis now for more than 58 years and every year have found it more of a comfort and physical stimulant. Contrary to the popular belief, I think that as you grow older

you want to watch less and participate more." Ted says his life also includes "handball, dachshunds, cats—only recently discovered—and martinis. I have relied for years on two sovereign cures: martinis for any internal ailment and bay rum for anything that hurts on the outside."

Also in good shape is L.A.'s Jack Tobin, 57. "Our association is now pushing 25 years," he reminds us, and Southern California being what it is, there has been a lot of wear and tear.

"I've searched for skateboarders in flood-control tunnels, sought out hikers in Death Valley, worked World Series, Super Bowls, Rose Bowls, Olympic Trials and Olympic Games. I've had to call Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Don Rickles at home," he says. "And I have solved more logistical problems than you'd think anyone could create. How about trying to get Rose Bowl credentials at 10 p.m. on New Year's Eve? Or locating a rented car a writer left in the Los Angeles International Airport parking lot, with only the license number to go on? And Neil Leifer, illegally taking photographs on the infield at a U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet, shouting, 'Help me, Tobin! They're taking me to jail?' A few years later Elroy Hirsch, then with the Rams, is yelling, 'That's your photog lying in the middle of the field,' and Leifer is once more in the custody of the fuzz. The 1967 Super Bowl, when the L.A. airport was fogged in and New York called and said to find another airport and hire two jets to fly the film out. Two jets. Sunday afternoon. The second quarter. . . ."

Well, as we said, Tobin is bearing up valiantly. He had to give up the executive vice-presidency of the computerized ticket firm for which he worked, though. Just as he had to give up, among other jobs, being a star investigative reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, and the vice-presidency of the since-departed L.A. Toros soccer team. Being our man in Los Angeles is all a man has time for.

*Sack Meyers*

**It's one of the world's toughest games.**

Basketball. It demands so much of a player—the ability to go all out on offense and defense for 40 minutes. It's supposed to be a non-contact sport. Don't you believe it. Today's college teams play basketball better, faster and tougher than the pros of 30 years ago.

It's a joy to watch. In what other game can you score 40 times and still lose? Even if it's a rout, there's the excitement of watching top players at their shooting best.

**Pick and Roll. Give and Go.**

Weaving. Switching. Rebounding. Working for the open shot. Zone Coverage. Man for Man. Switching Man. Two-One-Two. One-Three-One. Even the names connote the grace and style of basketball. And college rules allow more variations of offense

and defense than either the pro or international game.

**That's college basketball.**

You'll be seeing it all on NBC. Every Saturday and Sunday, right through the NCAA Finals in March, NBC, in association with the TVS Television Network, will be bringing you the best regional and national college games across the country.

You'll see them all: The top-ranked teams. The shooting teams. The running teams. The set players. The hotdogs. The pro prospects. All the skills and styles that make American college basketball the best in the world.

On NBC. Yes!



**NBC Sports**



**Don't forget to watch NBC SportsWorld Sunday.**

Check your local TV listings for time and channel.

# Home runs are a mistake

by Reggie Jackson

## To err is divine.

This may surprise you, but a home run is actually a mistake! Instead of hitting the ball smack on the button, you've caught it slightly below dead center.

When I hit the ball dead center, I don't get a home run. I get a screaming line drive. Which is also quite pleasant.

You'll hear people say that you've got to swing up at the ball to belt it a long way. I don't agree. To get under a knee-high ball, your shoulder has to dip. You'll be awkward, and you may not get a hit at all. Swinging up at a higher ball and you'll probably foul it off or pop it up.

Always swing slightly down on the ball. It's a shorter stroke, so it gives you more time to wait on the pitch. And you'll cut down the chances of overswinging or putting a hitch in your swing. (An exception to this would be when you want to hit a sacrifice fly, but that's pretty advanced stuff and difficult to hit.)

## Don't.

Don't try for distance. Ever. The long ball is generally the result of natural gifts. In my case, strength. If you press for distance that's beyond your natural capacity, you reduce the chances of making contact.

Don't use a bat that's too heavy. Hitting power comes from bat speed, not size.

Pick one that's light enough to whip into the ball. I'm strong enough to swing a 42-ounce club, but I don't. I prefer the control I get with a 36-ounce bat...or sometimes even a 35-ouncer.

Don't mimic idols. You could be forcing your body to go against its own natural style. It could slow down your learning process.

## The big stripe.

Your legs are the strongest part of your body.

When they get tired, your whole body gets tired. That's why a good shoe is so important.

It won't sap your strength—and speed—the way a poor shoe can.

I helped Puma® design their baseball shoes, and I was probably the first player to wear them, back in 1973.

Just about everyone I know will slit his baseball shoe for comfort. But I can put Puma on and not worry about a blister from the very first day.

They're light and flexible for foot speed. Yet they're strong enough so your feet and legs don't take a beating and get tired quickly.

Should you wear Puma? My opinion is, if you take pride in how you play, you've earned your stripe. You've earned the right to wear Puma.

The Puma  
"World Series"



## If you can't read, you can't hit.

A fastball is travelling maybe 90 miles an hour. A sinker will do about 85. A slider, around 75 to 80. A curve ball, 60. And a change-up, maybe 50 miles an hour.

So right there you have five different kinds of speeds that you have to be able to recognize instantly by reading the rotation on the ball.

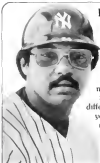
Don't watch the pitcher's hand if you want to see the ball early.

Watch the area where he's going to release the ball.

I first start to see the ball about 10 or 15 feet after it leaves his hand. By the time it's halfway to the plate, I pick up the rotation of the ball...and my brain automatically calculates the speed and starts computing my stride and setting the timing of my swing.

It all has to happen in a tiny fraction of a second. Which is why hitting a baseball isn't easy.

But if you can't read the ball, you can't hit it.



Reggie Jackson (advised by Joel Cohen) is the author of *Book: Hitting*, a comprehensive guide to hitting techniques.

**PUMA**  
You've earned your stripe



# BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

## TWO DOZEN NBA GREATS TEAM UP WITH A BALLERINA TO TELL IT LIKE IT IS

Every so often a small surprise will pop out of a big package, which is almost as gratifying as when the reverse occurs. Such a pleasure is provided by *Echoes from the Schoolyard: Informal Portraits of NBA Greats* (Hawthorn, \$12.95), which looks for all the world like a glossy gift book but turns out to be a modest and unexpectedly affecting examination of what a number of basketball stars think about their game and themselves.

The book consists of two dozen interviews conducted by Anne Byrce Hoffman and illustrated with photos by George Kalinsky. The reader's skepticism is openly invited: not merely is the format strictly picture-book, but also Hoffman's credentials seem dubious. She is a ballerina and the wife of David Hoffman, so it's natural enough to ask 1) what she knows about basketball, and 2) whether she's simply trading on her husband's name.

The answers would seem to be that 1) she knows enough to ask intelligent questions, and 2) maybe the book wouldn't have been published if she were someone else's wife, which would have been too bad. She stays in the background, letting the players talk, and they do so articulately and revealingly.

The profiles begin with the late Joe Fuls (Eddie Gottlieb talks about him) and end with David Thompson, many of the significant pro players of the intervening years are represented, two notable exceptions being Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain.

Most of the players came from poor families and lived in neighborhoods where basketball was the most readily available recreation. Most seem to have been born with a fierce desire for success and a love of competition—but few consciously pined themselves toward basketball careers. Most are fascinated by the blend of team and individual play that basketball offers, and many see excellence in the game as an art form all its own. Most are aware that a career as a pro player is brief and that the transition to the "real world" can be rough. The theme that occurs over and over is that you have to make the most of yourself.

They talk about long hours of lonely practice, hours made bearable and even enjoyable by the dream of excellence. As Willis Reed says, "I don't care how much ability you've got, it's what you do with it that counts. If you can get the most out of yourself you can go to bed at night knowing you've given it all."

Sound advice for players of all ages. **END**

## All the delicious ways to say "I love you" come in a beautiful Heart from Brach's.

This Valentine's Day remember to say 'I love you' with one of Brach's luscious assortments of Valentine Candy. You'll find the finest selections of real chocolates, all beautifully packaged in everything from 2 pound satin Hearts to half pound Hearts. Nothing says 'I love you' better than Brach's.

**BRACH'S**  
Valentine's Day is February 14



# New Marlboro Lights 100's



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

King: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
100's: 0.9 mg "tar," 0.09 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.  
And still offers up the same quality  
that has made Marlboro famous.  
Also available in king size.



**The spirit of Marlboro in a longer low tar cigarette.**

# Energy for a strong America



## **DR. TERRI PECORARO:** **She's helping** **Exxon squeeze** **more energy** **out of a** **barrel of oil.**

To put it simply, after crude oil is refined into gasoline and other products, a tarlike residue remains which is usually made into products like asphalt.

Dr. Terri Pecoraro, an Exxon chemist in the highly technical area of catalysis, is part of a team of scientists working to squeeze more usable energy out of that residue.

As Terri explains it, the right catalysts can help convert the residue into gasoline and heating oil. They can also help remove sulfur and nitrogen to produce cleaner-burning fuels that reduce air pollution—a major goal of Exxon research for years.

And as a long-range bonus, catalysts that remove sulfur and nitrogen may someday help produce liquid fuels from coal, which is America's richest storehouse of energy.

"There's more to being a chemist than just doing your science," says Terri. "Many things that look scientifically feasible may not be practical. It's sitting down with the chemical engineers and materials scientists to see if an idea is practical that makes my work intriguing and fun."

Dr. Terri Pecoraro, researcher in energy, helping provide energy for a strong America.



# SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

## SKI AT YOUR OWN RISK

Ski-area operators traditionally have sold their product with the message that skiing was fun and glamorous. The possibility that someone might actually get hurt on the slopes was an unmentionable. Bad for business, it was thought.

Well, it still may be bad for business, but things are changing. At least one generous court settlement for skiing injuries has snapped ski-area owners into an entirely different posture (SCORECARD, Sept. 26, 1977). Joe Kohler, president of Bristol Mountain, N.Y. and president of Ski Areas of New York, says, "To protect everyone, we have to change our approach to the whole sport. It's a little like the message on cigarette packages."

Thus, a campaign is under way to place warning signs on ski slopes that will say, in effect: SKIING CAN BE DANGEROUS UNLESS YOU EXERCISE GOOD JUDGMENT. Whether or not this offers a defense against lawsuits, it is at least a recognition of the facts of the sport. As Kohler says, "We have always known there is a real risk in skiing. But now, who knows? The idea of danger might attract more people than it scares away."

## A BELL RINGER

It starts off with Muhammad Ali and Superman having this fight to save the world from being blown up by green, weird-looking aliens. Then things really go crazy.

This wonderful sports action involving our two favorite unreal characters takes place in a Lift-size comic book, *Superman Vs. Muhammad Ali* (DC Comics, \$2.50).

It's a magnificent example of comic-book art, a massive, detailed production that has an initial press run of 650,000. Boxing Promoter Don King was closely involved with the project, and DC publisher Jenette Kahn says, "Don was charming but alarming. He hustled, we haggled. He was outrageous, we were courageous. When he demanded 700%, we held firm and walked out. More phone

calls." All Herbert Muhammad, Ali's manager, wanted was for the champ's clutches to be drawn tighter.

But will it sell? Says Kahn, "Interest in the comic has reached a prich of childishness only adults can generate."

## GREED ISN'T PRETTY

For the past year, the Cosmos soccer team has been dipping into college ranks to man its franchise, which, of course, has the colleges up in arms. Now the entire North American Soccer League is going after the high schoolers, which will further enrage the colleges. In the recent draft, 16 high school seniors were picked, including the best prep player in the country, Perry Van Der Beck, a midfielder from Aquinas High in St. Louis. After maneuvering, Tampa Bay got him in the third round.

If it turns out the high school draftees are not good enough to make the pros, they still will retain their college eligibility, assuming they follow NCAA rules. But in this country, where soccer proficiency has a long way to go, it can be safely assumed that a lot of the best high school players can make it in the pros. That hurts college soccer.

Better that the NASL adopt a procedure more like pro basketball's and pro football's, which although not perfect, does enable both college and professional interests to prosper.

## TRAVEL COMPANIONS

To try to get the players more interested in the often dreary season-ending Pro Bowl, the NFL not only jumped the winner's share from \$2,500 to \$5,000 but also agreed to pay expenses for wives. There then ensued a discussion over whether the league should also pay the bills for girl friends. Ram Linebacker Iush Robertson argued that his girl friend means more to him than wives do to most players.

The NFL certainly had no interest in pursuing that allegation, but it did decide that girl friends, however much loved, were not eligible. At which Rob-

ertson sniffed that if he had known that, why, he wouldn't have brought her. This shows, of course, how easy it is—contrary to popular belief—to put a dollar value on an emotional relationship.

## HONK IF YOU LOVE PENNSYLVANIA

Southeastern Pennsylvania has become the In place for tens of thousands of Canada geese that once only stopped off there en route to Maryland, Delaware and the Carolinas. Now the geese have taken up winter residence. This is because farmers are planting more fall crops, and the bountiful food supply makes the longer trip south unnecessary.

Everyone is furious because—as tourists sometimes do—the visitors are taking over the place and making a mess. People say the birds pollute the water, foul the beaches, pull up the farmers' wheat and do unspeakable things on the golf courses. In French Creek State Park there's no more swimming, partly be-



cause of what the geese have done to the water and beaches. The assistant director of a small hospital that uses reservoir water says, "Wouldn't you be concerned about a flock of a thousand geese defecating in your drinking supply?"

A state official says there are 60% more geese in the area than there were six years ago. As many as 50,000 geese at a time now come to Chester County's Octoraro Reservoir and stay and stay and stay.

The problem is moulting because geese tend to engrave back to their birth-

continued

# Guess who was just voted the No. 1 color picture over America's top five 19" and 25" brands.

## Guess again.



You probably didn't guess right the second time, either. So we'll tell you. The winner was the Sylvania Superset.

That's right. The 19" (diag.) color Sylvania Superset was picked No. 1 over RCA, Zenith, Sony, GE, and Sears in a recent independent test. In this test, over a thousand people were asked to look at six unidentified 19" color pictures, side by side. Then they picked the one with the best overall picture. And the clear winner was the Sylvania Superset!

What's more, in a separate test of 25" (diag.) color pictures, the Sylvania Superset beat Zenith, RCA, Magnavox, Quasar, and Sears!

So before you buy anything else, go down to your Sylvania dealer and check out the color picture that beat the top five 19" and the top five 25" brands in side by side comparisons!

### SYLVANIA SUPERSET

Side by side we beat them all.

**SYLVANIA** | 

# Introducing **Delco GM** stereo, now in concert with cassette.



Tell your GM dealer you want a Delco AM/FM Stereo with Cassette, and we'll have you up to your ears in music.

You'll hear the highs, the lows. You'll be surrounded with sound that's full and clear. Almost as if you were sitting front row center at your favorite concert.

That very special sound is a big reason for ordering your new GM car or truck with a Delco-GM factory

sound system. That way, you know your new stereo was GM-designed for sound performance in your new vehicle.

And, depending on which car or truck you buy, you

can choose from Delco-GM tape systems in a variety of combinations: 8-Track with AM radio, 8-Track with AM/FM stereo, 8-Track with AM/FM stereo and CB and our new AM/FM stereo with cassette.

See and hear them at your Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet or GMC dealer.

For the sound of GM, tell your dealer "Delco."

**Delco  
Electronics**



Division of General Motors  
Kokomo, Indiana

place, which for increasing numbers is southeastern Pennsylvania. Last spring, the state trapped some goslings and packed them off to South Carolina in the hope they'd consider that home. They probably won't because everyone knows geese are smarter than bureaucrats. At least, these geese have been. The state tried trapping them and sending them to western Pennsylvania; the birds flew back. The experts tried using a noisemaker to startle the birds; they got used to it. Helium balloons were put up to frighten the birds; the balloons deflated.

Fortunately—or unfortunately, depending on which side you are on—the state does have a 90-day goose season and has upped the limit from two a day to three.

#### PAINFUL EXTRACTION

When a horse named Demures got loose on the track at Balmoral Park, Ill. and was scratched, the announcer intoned, "Pull Demures from the first race."

#### RICHARDS VS. OTHERS

Renee Richards, the transsexual tennis player, ultimately will be one of history's footnotes. Which is appropriate for a 43-year-old woman with very average ability. But once again, other women pros are making too much of her.

In a Columbus, Ohio tournament, Helle Viragh, 21, was one point from losing to Richards when she walked off the court in protest. Viragh was fined \$500, but was hardly repentant. "I'd do it again," she said. In the next round, Beth Norton, 20, was way behind when she, too, walked off. She was fined \$5,000, which shows the price of protest is spiraling.

Viragh was miffed because Richards, as a result of legal rulings, does not have to take a sex-determination test like all the other players. Norton feels it's unfair to compete against a middle-aged person who used to play men's tennis. Norton also says that it's against her religious and moral convictions to play someone like Richards.

But would either have abandoned the court had she been winning? Of course not. Moral and philosophical indignation do not run that deep.

It's aggravating to be beaten anytime, and perhaps even more aggravating to be beaten by Richards. But temper tantrums are not the proper remedy; playing winning tennis is.

#### USING THE OUTDOORS

For about a decade there has been a furor over the potential development of a ski area in the Mineral King Valley in the Sierras, northeast of Los Angeles. Conservationists, who oppose it, became alarmed when Walt Disney Enterprises and the U.S. Forest Service started talking about developing the area.

Over the years, development estimates rose from \$3 million to \$80 million. While such monumental and presumably gaudy commercialization of a lovely area would be a desecration, it's also true that Southern California skiers desperately need more slopes relatively close to home. The nearest facility, Mammoth, is overcrowded.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture suggested that the 25-square-mile valley be annexed to Sequoia National Park. This proposal would have allowed some gaudy development, but two-thirds of Mineral King Valley would have remained wilderness. The Carter Administration decided to reject Agriculture's plan, however, proposing that the Park Service take over the land and that there be no development for wintertime use—skiing or anything else.

The skiing needs of Southern Californians remain to be addressed.

#### STRIKE ONE

If the New York Yankees are starting to say hateful things about one another again, the baseball season can't be far behind. Sure enough, Catfish Hunter, the sore-armed pitcher whose mood has been none too good anyway since going 9-9 last year, showed up in Greensboro, N.C. the other day to make a speech. He put the knock on owner George Steinbrenner ("If he says, 'Jump in a lake,' he thinks you're supposed to do it") and Manager Billy Martin ("Martin lets the superstar get away with stuff and picks on the other guys").

But he was especially intemperate when it came to teammate and World Series star Reggie Jackson: "He could be better if he'd just stop talking about what he's going to do and do it."

#### DOING IT RIGHT

Last week we told you of Lucky Maury, the greyhound that ran the wrong way and caught the rabbit at the Florida track.

The other day Lucky raced again. He broke nicely, raced without difficulty, caused no problems and showed exem-

plary manners. A perfect sweetheart.

But his good behavior was unrewarded: he was seventh in a field of eight.

#### A FINE LINE

At the Baltimore International tennis matches, a young lady was enthusiastic about getting the players to sign her jeans and the players were enthusiastic about obliging her.

Soon she had all the names except that of Zeljko Franulovic of Yugoslavia, who declined, saying, "I'm sorry but we're not allowed to endorse clothing."

#### TAKE A DEEP BREATH

Addressing himself to the air pollution that may be contributing to upper respiratory ailments in horses that race at the Meadowslands (SI, Jan. 2), Irv Brechner has a suggestion that at first seems preposterous: "Don't let the horses breathe the polluted air."

Brechner, one of the owners of UltraAire, a Livingston, N.J.-based company, says his firm makes a negative-ion generator, a machine designed to electrically enrich the air. Brechner says it makes breathing easier, increases mental awareness, decreases fatigue and leads to more alertness. Which can't be all bad for a horse.

According to Brechner, polluted air upsets nature's balance of negative and positive electrical charges, called ions. The ion generator, which is about the size of a table radio and sells for \$350, enriches the air by restoring its proper balance. The idea is to put the generators in the horses' stalls.

Dr. Jill Beech of the University of Pennsylvania's New Bolton Center for veterinary medicine is enthusiastic about the machine and plans to test it. UltraAire's other owner, Alan Weinstein, says he will arrange free testing for horsemen. "If it does what we say," he says, "isn't it worth it?"

#### THEY SAID IT

• Mike Neer, University of Rochester basketball coach, on playing against North Carolina and its superstar, Phil Ford: "How can you expect to win the game when three of our starters wanted Ford's autograph?"

• Bert Blyleven, Pittsburgh pitcher, on why he quit catching: "When I started to throw the ball back to the pitcher harder than he was throwing to me, we changed positions."

END





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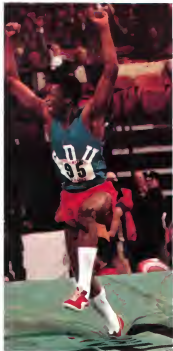
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# THE SLOP AND HUSTLE TAKE OVER

*They were dancing in the aisles when Franklin Jacobs set a high-jump world record and Dick Buerkle kept Bayi at bay* **by PAT PUTNAM**



**F**ranklin Jacobs, the high jumper, was speaking about height, his own. "Tallness is not measured in inches," he said, "but is determined by your state of mind." Now, Jacobs stands but 5' 8", which fact, if you were anyplace but the Millrose Games last Friday night, would lead you to believe that his reasoning had come up as short as his body. But at Madison Square Garden, and after his ninth trip to the men's room, the Fairleigh Dickinson sophomore suddenly believed himself eight feet tall, earned that self-enlargement 14 flying steps across the runway and, much like a man falling up stairs, flew and flopped over the bar at 7' 7½" for an indoor world record. "Which," he said upon landing, "wasn't as hard as it looked. Once I got high enough all I had to worry about was falling over the bar backward."

For his grand ungainly leap—one that carried him 23½" above his own head—Jacobs was named the outstanding performer in a meet that was outstanding. Two other world records were set: one by Renaldo Nehemiah, 18, in the 60-yard hurdles (7.07), the other by Houston McTear, 20, in the 60-yard dash (6.11). Then there was a heroic performance by Dick Buerkle, the 30-year-old ex-long-distance runner from Buffalo, who turned back challenges by Filbert Bayi and Wilson Wangwa to win the Wanamaker Mile in

*continued*

*Jacobs, only 5' 8", is the sole practitioner of "the slop"—an unorthodox technique that leaves pursuers agape but enabled him to clear the bar at 7' 7½"*





3:58.4. And a grueling double by Jan Merrill, who won with driving stretch runs in the women's half-mile and 1,500.

After his record jump Jacobs was asked if he would like to try an even greater height, which was his right. He declined, explaining to the officials that he didn't feel nervous enough. Unless his stomach is in knots he doesn't think he can compete very well. Besides, he wasn't sure he wanted to make another trip to the men's room.

Instead, he found a metal chair under the stands. There he rested. It had been a long day, most of it spent moving into a dorm on the Fairleigh Dickinson campus 10 miles distant in Rutherford, N.J. Then, en route to the Garden, the car he was in became entangled in heavy traffic in the Lincoln Tunnel. Time crawled. That's when Jacobs' nerves let go.

"Suddenly I felt very afraid," he said. "I thought, 'Franklin, here's another moment under heavy pressure. What are you going to do? Quit? Or are you going to have a good night, Franklin? I'm not crazy, but I do talk to myself.'"

After the high jumpers warmed up, the officials announced the opening height: 6' 11". It didn't do anything for Jacobs' nerves. "I'm a little guy; 6' 11" is like starting at seven feet." Dwight Stones, the Olympic bronze medalist and former outdoor and indoor world-record holder,

declined to start at such a lowly height. Feeling for the moment only 5' 8", Jacobs made his first try at the bar—and nearly sailed under it.

His one-sided conversation went, "Franklin, what kind of a jump was that? It was awful. All the superstars are here. They're all looking at you. Franklin, are you going to beat the superstars?"

Deciding he was, Jacobs settled down. As the bar went up, the field diminished, losing along the way Jacek Wszola of Poland, the Olympic gold medalist. When the bar reached 7' 3", Jacobs made his second poor jump of the night. On his way to the bathroom he passed Bill Monaghan, his coach at Fairleigh Dickinson. Monaghan told him to move his push-off point back six inches.

On his next jump the 150-pound Jacobs cleared the height easily. Greg Joy, the Olympic silver medalist from Canada, made it, too, but then failed at 7' 6". Three weeks ago, at College Park, Md., Joy had jumped 7' 7" to break Stones' indoor record. Now Joy was gone, leaving only Stones and Jacobs.

"I knew I'd blow Joy's mind," said Stones, watching as the Canadian tumbled into the foam padding for the last time that night. "I knew if I was here he'd come unraveled. If I had been in Maryland he'd never have broken my record. No way."

Again the bar moved up, and up, finally to be placed at 7' 13/4". Both men missed twice. Monaghan beckoned Jacobs to his side. "Your last two jumps were beautiful," the coach said, "but you have to move back another two feet. And plant that foot hard. Real hard."

Deep in concentration, Jacobs was the first to take his final try. He stared at the floor. "I never look at the bar," he said later. "I know I'll get over it. I just don't want to look up at it. All my life I've been looking up at things."

Neither did he look to his left at Stones, who was watching Jacobs intently, if perhaps incredulously.

"He'll make it," Stones was thinking. "His last two jumps were too close for him to miss a third time. Oh, Lord, his form is terrible, and if he makes a world record he'll set high jumping back 20 years."

Jacobs began his run. He calls his style the Jacobs Skip, as opposed to the Fosbury Flop. His vertical leap is remarkable, and once he reaches his highest point he seems to rip off his arms and legs and hurl them across the bar. He says he explodes across the bar; he's right—it's like watching a grenade go off. Just as he exploded he was above the bar. When he came down, in pieces, the record was his.

Stones' last try was esthetic but unsuccessful—a poem begun by Byron but flashed by a bracklayer. The bar clanked down. "I was better off with Joy holding the record," he said. "Now I'm not even the American record holder."

From his seat under the stands, Jacobs was describing his record leap. "I planted my foot faster, and when you plant faster you go higher. But it's no surprise: I planned it and I'd seen it before I ever got here. I enjoyed it before I got here. It's like I was thinking as I flew over the bar: 'Franklin, you did it just like you told me you would.'"

Nearby, Dick Buerkle stopped and stared at Jacobs. Shaking his head, the miler said, "What do you think of this guy? He jumped two feet over his head. Two feet! He's got to be crazy."

Crazy That's the word some used when Buerkle, after a career of running 5,000s and 10,000s and then a year of self-imposed exile from competition, announced not long ago that he was coming back—as a 30-year-old miler. He quit racing after the Montreal Olympics, where he had finished ninth in a 5,000-



Running "for fun," Jan Merrill nipped Larrieu (left) in the 1,500 after beating Beckford in the half



Houston McTeer blazed to a world-record 6:11 in the 60

meter heat. From there he went home to Buffalo to sell contact lenses.

"But I started training again," he said. "I've always wondered how fast I could run the mile. There was only one way to find out."

Making his first indoor start in early January at Long Beach, Calif., Buerkle finished third in the 1,500 in 3:40. Right then he knew he was fast enough to break Tony Waldrop's 4-year-old world indoor mile record of 3:35. His next race was at College Park, Md. He called his father in Buffalo and told him he'd break the record. His father thought he was kidding. Then he called his wife Jean and asked her to come to Maryland for the race. "I thought about it, but then I decided to save the money to wallpaper the house," Jean said.

That night in Maryland, the Villanova graduate won in 3:34.9 and fulfilled his prediction of setting a world record. Jean said he owed his success to his pre-race diet: peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and cookies. "He thinks peanut butter is the perfect food," she said.

Buerkle had planned on skipping the Millrose to run in this weekend's Olympic Invitational at the Garden. The record changed his mind. And so, last Friday he stepped to the line against the likes of Bayi, the world-record holder in

the 1,500, and Waigwa, the NCAA indoor mile champion. Before the gun the Tanzanian and the Kenyan eyed each other. Buerkle thought, "Let them ignore me now, but I've got the record. Let's see who chases whom."

Bayi, his training set back by a weeklong bout with malaria, broke on top and set a comfortable pace for the first lap. Buerkle stayed close, while Waigwa, who has a magnificent kick, drifted back to last. Then for two laps they were content to be led by Paul Cummings, the Wansmaker winner in 1976, who was running despite a touch of the flu.

At last Buerkle thought "enough." They were moving too slowly. Taking the lead in midrace, Buerkle quickened the pace in an effort to remove the sting from

Waigwa's kick. With Bayi on his shoulder, Buerkle began to pull away from the rest of the field. Then, with four laps to go, a worried Waigwa began to close. For him the move was too soon.

With less than a quarter-mile to go, Bayi took off. Suddenly he was at Buerkle's shoulder, was held there for a moment by a jutting right elbow and then the tiring Tanzanian was obliged to drop back to second. Sprinting now, Buerkle never looked back. "I was afraid they had made me kick too soon," he said later, "but I wasn't about to stop." Buerkle crossed the finish line smiling, his arms raised high; Bayi was two yards back in 3:59; and another two yards back was Waigwa in 3:59.4.

"You can't train on quinine," said Bayi, with a smile. All he had been able to eat the day of the race was an omelet and two pieces of toast with grape jelly. "Right now Buerkle is the best indoor miler in the world. The best. But we will have to wait until the outdoor races to see how good he really is."

Indoors or out, Jan Merrill and Frankie Larrieu are easily the class of the women milers. Merrill had been pushed harder than expected by Darlene Beckford while winning the half-mile in 2:10.1, and she said she was running the Millrose 1,500 against Olympic veteran

Larrieu strictly for fun. In fact, Merrill ran with deadly seriousness. She had spent last summer in West Germany building her strength, and she would use this race as a yardstick to measure her progress. And, too, she remembered last year's loss to Larrieu in the same event.

Merrill ran in front of Larrieu throughout most of the race but fell back as Larrieu kicked with a lap and a half to go. On the final back stretch, Merrill sprinted and just caught Larrieu at the wire to win in 4:19.7.

Obviously pleased, Merrill said, in a rare post-race interview, "I was running the 1,500 to enjoy myself. I wanted to see what I could do. Indoor meets are just a way of preparing for summer races; they are a lot of fun."

His campaign for the dignity of little men closed for the night, Franklin Jacobs collected his high jump trophy and, with his coach and a friend, stepped out into the cold New York City night. It was after midnight. The three decided to eat before driving back to New Jersey, and with Jacobs lugging the three-foot trophy, they went into a nearby restaurant. The kitchen was closed.

"We can still serve you booze," said the bartender.

"No thank you," said Jacobs.

"Say, do you want to trade that trophy for a case of Schlitz?" the bartender asked.

Jacobs left, clutching the trophy. The next restaurant they tried, across from the Garden, was full of track fans. As Jacobs walked in, the people there gave him a standing ovation. For nearly an hour he signed autographs. "I guess my life is not going to be the same anymore," he said.


The eight-foot college lad who looks only 5' 8" had a glass of orange juice while the others had beer and hot dogs. Then they climbed into their car and headed home. As they passed through the Lincoln Tunnel, Jacobs kept saying, "My dream is fulfilled. Imagine, me a world-record holder."

But by the time they reached Ruthersford, Jacobs was working on a new dream, this one the outdoor world record of 7' 7½" held by Vladimir Yashchenko of the Soviet Union. As he stepped from the car, Jacobs said, "I guess I won't really be satisfied until I have it all."

Which makes sense. What's another half-inch to a giant?

*A stubborn Connors defused Tanner's rockets at the U.S. Indoor tournament*

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

A black and white photograph of tennis player Jimmy Connors. He is shown from the waist up, in profile, looking upwards and to the left. He is wearing a light-colored short-sleeved shirt with dark trim on the sleeves and a white wristband on his left wrist. His right arm is raised, holding a tennis racket high above his head. The racket has a dark frame and a light-colored head with a grid pattern. The background is dark and out of focus, with some blurred light spots. The title 'THE BALANCED HAND THAT BEAT 16 ACES' is printed in large, bold, yellow capital letters across the middle of the image, partially overlapping the player's arm and the racket.

## THE BALANCED HAND THAT BEAT 16 ACES

Just when it looked as if the U.S. Pro Indoor would give us another chapter in the adventures of Jimbo and Bjorn, along came Roscoe Tanner to upset the balldart.

For a while there in South Philadelphia it seemed as if the only two players in the tournament were Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg, so completely was the rest of the draw ignored. But then Tanner began unloading his big serve and blasting the likes of Zeljko Franulovic, Ilije Nastase and Eddie Dibbs (23 aces), not to mention Borg himself, and suddenly Connors had a new challenger on Sunday.

Sort of. As quickly as he had reasserted himself as everybody's favorite ace machine, Tanner disappeared in the finals under Connors' relentless pressure and a flurry of merciless ground strokes. At one stretch during their days as juniors, Tanner defeated Connors five straight times, but his only victory of consequence since came on a golden afternoon at Wimbledon in 1976. Last Sunday Tanner blasted 16 aces past Connors, but he was able to break his serve only once. Good hit, no field, take a hike. Connors won, laughing, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3, to collect the \$35,000 first prize and to finish the month of January with over \$200,000 in earnings.

Before Tanner started firing his rockets, the first big indoor tournament of the season produced a certain amount of ennui for which Connors and Borg could be held responsible. By being so good and so dominant for the past few years and by co-starring in a two-part television drama earlier in the month—Connors over Borg in the Colgate Grand Prix Masters, Borg over Connors in the Pepsi Grand Slam—the rivals had, depending on your viewpoint, either produced the most chilling, numbing excitement in all of sport or were merely boring.

*For Jimmy Connors, the winner, this year's chapter of the Philadelphia story had a happy ending*

thousands into switching channels to Celebrity Cockfights.

Because Guillermo Vilas is injured and probably will not play many tournaments before summer anyway, tennis finds itself searching for alternate star attractions, who just don't seem to be there. This is not to say the game lacks quality players. What with Tanner, Brian Gottfried, Dick Stockton, Manolo Orantes, Raul Ramirez, Eddie Dibbs, Harold Solomon, and Vitas Gerulaitis making the semifinals fairly regularly, and with Adriano Panatta and Wojtek Fibak contributing upsets now and again, the top 20 look stronger than ever. The problem is, nobody seems to care.

The players' postmatch encounters with the media in Philadelphia reinforced this observation. When Dibbs arrived at the press room fresh from his—what, 497th?—stimulating victory over his bagel twin, Solomon, at least a few reporters interrupted their dinner to talk to him. Earlier in the tournament, while Gottfried was calmly reviewing one of his winning matches—and explaining why none of the spectators seemed interested—a majority of the press continued gobbling sandwiches and tomato pickles at the rear of the room.

Perhaps the unkindest cut of all greeted Dick Stockton on the opening day of the tournament. Last year Stockton collected \$311,856 while winning several tournaments and making the world's top 10 for the first time. Significantly, he defeated Connors twice in three meetings. More significantly, he was the defending champ in Philadelphia, having beaten Connors the year before in five sets. So defending champion Stockton was rewarded by tournament chairpersons Ed and Marilyn Fernberger with a 2 p.m. first-day, first-round match, guaranteeing him an audience consisting just about wholly of Stockton's wife Sue, the third-grade class of Our Lady of Perpetual Humility grade school and a few local drunks who must have wandered into the Spectrum to escape the snow.

Stockton responded by losing to Tim Gullikson 3-6, 7-6, 6-4. "It looks like they're trying to get me out of here in a hurry," Stockton said. "Jimmy would never play during the day if he was defending champion. The big guys get all the attention."

"What's Stockton complaining about playing at two o'clock for?" said Ramirez. "He doesn't draw anyway."

So now even the other players sounded uninterested in the plight of the other players. "Connors and Borg playing each other every week in the finals is getting sort of sickening," said Dibbs.

Dibbs is always good for one or two space-up-the-tournament matches, and so, when his quarterfinal engagement with Sandy Mayer, an outspoken advocate of Christian renewal, disintegrated from a 7-6, 3-6, 6-4 victory into threats, name-calling and charges of quick-serving, hardly anybody was surprised.

"Dibbs used to want to punch me out," Mayer said. "He steps into the twilight zone. He irritates and intimidates with his Dibbsisms. Dibbs infringes on my rights in the locker room."

"Mayer is a — in the locker room," said Dibbs. "He's full of garbage. He's the biggest crybaby on the tour."

While the tournament was busy sinking its teeth into this debate, Borg was in the process of reverting to his personal form sheet, on which it must be written somewhere: "Philadelphia—when in doubt, quit."

Three times—including last year—Borg had been defeated in the early rounds at Philly: two years ago in the finals against Connors he shamelessly threw the last set en route to a 7-6, 6-4, 6-0 loss. As his girl friend, Mariana Simionescu, said last week, "Bjorn doesn't like this place. He cannot concentrate. He wants to get out of here."

Philadelphia uses two courts simultaneously up to the semifinals, but the problems caused by noise, confusion, crowd movement, double microphones and balls rolling onto the wrong courts are the same for every player. Bjorn Borg can concentrate on a Concorde airplane runway if he wants to.

Against the sky-hook serves of 6'5" Peter Fleming in the third round, Borg appeared to want to, rallying from a set behind and two points away from a straight-set defeat to brush off the UCLA dropout by 3-6, 7-6 (8-6 in the thriller tie break), 6-3. But against Tanner in the next round the former teen angel looked like a man dancing on the wrong end of a tango line.

While Tanner used his patented boomers along with newfound discipline and confidence instilled by his coach, Dennis Ralston, to play "my best total match ever," Borg sulked, pouted, twirled his racket in the air and looked generally as if he couldn't wait to go cuddle up with



For Roscoe Tanner it was all hit but no field

Mariana beside the nearest fireplace.

After Borg lost 6-4, 7-6, he said, "I hit too many short ones. I don't want to say anything against the tournament, but too much noise, too much talking, too much moving. My mind, it is not O.K."

Meanwhile, Connors was totally O.K., except for a lower back strain suffered in the first set of his 6-7, 6-2, 6-1 quarterfinal victory over Ramirez. Jimbo had run through Cliff Drysdale, Panatta and Buster Mottram and was to stage a marvelous comeback in whipping Gottfried in a 3½-hour semifinal match 3-6, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0. Connors was surprised when he was asked how he could keep going against Ramirez while in such pain.

"Everybody's gunning for me," Jimbo said. "What do you want me to do, retire?"

Please, no, Jimbo. Just teach Bjorn not to retire every Philadelphia. And—oh yes—both of you, please learn some Dibbsisms.

END

# IT PAYS TO PLAY LIKE AN AMATEUR

The \$105,000 Colgate Triple Crown Match Play tournament went to JoAnne Carner, who used dueling skills honed 20 years ago as a national amateur champ to mow down the big guns of the women's pro tour by **WALTER BINGHAM**

As a sporting experience, most women golfers on the pro tour would rank match play only slightly above pistols at dawn. Two of them go off for 18 holes but only one lives to tell about it. You may play better than anyone on the course except one person, but if that one person is your opponent, tough luck, you're out of the tournament. Unlike medal play, which is used in virtually all pro events, men's and women's, in match play it doesn't matter if you shoot 68 or 78 as long as you win more holes than your opponent.

Which may explain the following scene: the 16 players in the Colgate Triple Crown Championship have been assembled in a semicircle down by the pond guarding the 18th green of the Mission Hills course in Palm Springs. A little television promo is about to be shot and the director would like each of the women to offer, in one word if possible, her opinion of match play. Ready? Roll 'em. Donna Caponi Young? "Gross."

"Cut" Donna, you don't really want to say that, do you?"

"No," answered Young. "I want to say something worse, but you won't let me do it on television."

And so gross stood. There was also a "traumatic," a "frustrating," an "awful" and—Judy Rankin's contribution—a "pride-buster." To be sure, some thought match play was "dramatic," "exciting" and "invigorating," while Jane Blalock said solemnly that it was "the greatest challenge in sports."

How David Foster must have loved that when he heard it later. Foster, the man in charge at Colgate, decided one day last year that it might be interesting if the Triple Crown tournament, involving top finishers from Colgate's three major events in 1977, became a match-play event. Few of the leading pros were crazy about the idea, because it is not nearly as fair a test as medal play, but Foster's contributions to women's sports have been such that, as Kathy Whitworth pointed out, "We would have stood on our heads if he told us to."

So there they were at Mission Hills last week, most of the best women play-

ers in the world (Holtz Stacy, who won three tournaments including the U.S. Open, was not a qualifier) making nervous chatter as two by two they went out to duel to the death. And on Sunday evening, to no one's great surprise, when the 16 little Indians sitting on a fence had been reduced to one, that one was JoAnne Carner—the Great Gundy—the deadliest match-play golfer in the women's ranks. As JoAnne Gunderson, later Mrs. Carner, she won five U.S. Amateur titles in the '50s and '60s, all of them at match play. In the final at Palm Springs,

Carner edged another veteran who seems to thrive on infighting, Sandra Palmer, winning one up.

Thanks to a draw that was a little short on logic, two of the most interesting matches of the tournament were played early in the week, both involving Nancy Lopez. It makes sense that the player who finishes first among 16 in the point standings should, as her reward for doing so, play the person who finishes 16th. The second place woman should oppose No. 15, and so on down the line. That's the way the seedings are arranged at Wims-

*On Friday Carner exploded from a buried lie for a birdie, throwing the gauntlet down and her club up.*





bledon and Forest Hills. But at Palm Springs, citing a USGA match-play rule, as if that alone made it logical, the tournament officials had the top player up against No. 9, the second player against the 10th.

Thus Judy Rankin, much to her displeasure, found herself on Thursday teeing off against young Lopez, No. 9 in the standings but much higher in true ability, because she had gained her ranking in only half a year as a pro, playing in just two of the three qualifying events. In a field containing several comparative lambs, Rankin had drawn a tigris.

It was not an outstanding exhibition of golf. Rankin, who has had little match-play experience, was up against a 21-year-old who as a recent amateur grew up on it. Rankin was nervous, looked it, and, worst of all, putted like it. Lopez was devil-may-care. She had nothing to lose, she explained later, and she closed out the match on the 16th hole.

Rankin was asked, "How does it feel to be beaten by a rookie?"

"She's no rookie when it comes to match play," Rankin said.

Carnier struggled in the early going with Debbie Austin, but came on strong, winning 4 and 3. "Now I know why I was so much thinner when I was an amateur," she said. As the pairs trooped in, one player smiling, one not, opinions about match play followed a predictable line. Losers hated it, winners thought maybe there was something to it. Pat Bradley played the best golf of the day, making six birdies while beating Jane Blalock. Her round would have put her three strokes ahead of Carnier in a medal-play event.

And so on Friday a battle of match-play titans took place, Lopez against Carnier, who is 39 and, well, a seasoned veteran, as someone offered tactfully. "Go ahead and say it," said Carnier, laughing. "I'm an old lady." The match was too loosely played to be a classic, but as a Western-style shootout, it had the gallery hopping. As tense as it got, there was a friendly, informal air about it, a contest between two athletes who realize the punishment for losing is not death. At one point, Lopez, strolling down a fairway, shouted, "Hi, Mr. Carnier" to JoAnne's husband.

Through 10 holes the two were even, but on 11, JoAnne's putting stroke, already shaky, failed completely. Some 50 feet from the flag, she rammed a putt

that looked like an express train going through a local stop. When she missed coming back, Lopez was one up.

On the next hole, it seemed as if Carnier would draw even when Nancy caught a tree branch with her approach, the ball falling yards short of the green. Lopez chipped 12 feet from the pin but drilled home the putt, and suddenly Carnier's four-foot putt for a par looked more like four miles. When she missed, she was two down with six holes left.

On 13, Carnier's first putt went four feet past, but this time she holed her second for a halve, and in so doing figured out a slight mechanical flaw in her putting stroke. This seemed to turn the match around. Lopez bogeyed the 14th to make it only one up. Carnier dropped a 12-footer for a birdie at 15 to even the match, and on 16, Nancy bogeyed again to go one down. The pair halved the final holes, and Carnier advanced to the semifinals.

In Friday's other quarterfinal matches, South Africa's Sully Little won four straight holes on the back nine to break open a close match with Amy Alcott; Palmer stopped Silvia Bertolacini of Argentina, who the day before had upset Whitworth; and Sandra Post edged Bradley one up.

The next day Post and Little were gone, too, as Carnier and Palmer won with ease. What JoAnne did, essentially, was kill the par-5s, and in doing so, killed Post. Carnier birdied two of three she played, Post none. One of them, the dog-leg 9th, changed the entire match. Carnier was only one up at the time. Post played the hole as designed, driving to the turn, then hitting short of the green. Not Carnier. She blasted her drive toward the corner and a few scattered trees, a gamble, and was rewarded with a clear shot to the green. She then hit a titanic wood straight at the pin, and was aghast to see the ball fall short into a bunker. And bury itself. Only the smallest portion of it was visible. When Post chipped about nine feet from the pin, it looked as if the match might be even. But Carnier, executing the shot of the tournament, swung her sand wedge full force, saw the ball pop out and roll right at the pin and . . . JoAnne tossed her club high in the air . . . lip the cup, stopping a foot away. When a dismayed Post missed her putt, Carnier was two up and home free.

Palmer played her match with Little in a carefree manner, joking with friends



Nancy Lopez is a rookie, but not at match play.

in the gallery, as if she were in the tournament on a free pass. Which she was. Palmer was No. 17 on the Colgate list, but when Carol Mann felt she needed more time to recover from surgery, she yielded to Palmer. The 5' 1½" Palmer went three up on Little during the back nine before closing out the match at 17.

"It will be fun to play JoAnne tomorrow," said Palmer after her round. "She's one player I'd come out just to watch."

After 15 holes the next day, the two veterans were as close as they had been on the 1st tee. At 16, Palmer holed a 10-footer for a birdie that looked as if it might give her the match. That seemed especially true when Carnier hit her drive at 17 to the left of the green, but Carnier got her approach close enough for a par. Palmer, whose drive was in the same vicinity but nearer the pin, apparently got her approach close enough, too, but when she went to tap in her two-foot putt, the ball rolled by. The match was even.

Shaken, Sandra hit a weak approach to the par-5 18th, the ball barely clearing the pond in front of the green. She chipped past the cup by four feet and missed the putt for a bogey. Carnier needed only a tap-in to win, and tap it in she did. The Great Gundy had won again.

Afterward Colgate's Foster said he was very satisfied with the match-play format. No comment from 15 of the players, but surely JoAnne Carnier would be delighted if he writes the tournament into next year's schedule.

END

## THEY'RE FOURSQUARE FOR THE FOUR-CORNERS

*Coaches all around the country have adopted North Carolina's delay game, which is so effective its opponents may need a clock to kill it* **by DON DELLIQUANTI**

In a crucial ACC game last Thursday night, Wake Forest was leading by 10 points with 2:40 remaining when Deacon Coach Carl Tacy flashed what is fast becoming college basketball's most famous—or, according to a lot of fans, most infamous—signal, the dreaded four fingers. Wake spread out into its four-corners delay offense, and suddenly the Tar Heels, whose coach, Dean Smith, devised the four-corners 15 seasons ago, and their



All-America Guard Phil Ford, who is the reigning master at running it, found themselves the victims of their own pet late-game tactic. And Carolina proved no more proficient than most teams at stopping it, as Wake Forest eased to a 71-62 victory.

But lest anyone think that the four-corners is still the special property of the ACC, consider this:

On the same night in El Paso, Utah

and UTEP were playing one of those last-basket-wins games that are a staple in the WAC. At various times both teams went into the four-corners before the Utes eked out a 57-55 win.

Also on that night—as if to prove you don't have to be big time to play the big guys' game—St. Ambrose College of Davenport, Iowa was winning for the fourth straight time while relying on the four-corners. Coach Ron Bohls, whose

tallest starter is 6' 6", decided two weeks ago that the best way to improve a 5-9 record was to slow opponents down. Since then the Bees have twice used the four-corners for entire games, and after beating Iowa Wesleyan on Thursday, their record was 9-9.

Though the four-corners occasionally comes back to haunt them, the Tar Heels remain its most expert practitioners. During Ford's 3½ seasons, North Carolina has a 55-6 record (18-0 this season) in games when it used the four-corners.

With results like that, it is no wonder that many of the nation's other top teams have become addicted to the four-corners, too. So far in '77-'78, Marquette, St. Bonaventure, Holy Cross, Providence, Florida, Oklahoma State, Creighton, Iowa, Arkansas, Notre Dame, Cincinnati, Weber State and Seattle have been among those who have employed the four-corners often—and effectively. And for the UCLA alumnus who called North Carolina last summer to say he hoped Dean Smith would not become the new Bruin coach "because I'm sick of seeing the four-corners on TV," here is a late bulletin from the Coast: UCLA's Gary Cunningham is using it, too.

Not that everyone has gone ape over the four-corners. "The kindest four-letter word that I can find for it is dull," says Iowa State Coach Lynn Nance. UNLV's head man, Jerry Tarkanian, says, "Las Vegas is a fast city, and people here like a running team. The four-corners would have a bad psychological effect on them." The four-corners has long had a bad physiological effect on a lot of coaches and fans—it makes them sick. As a result there is a growing clamor for the introduction of a pro-type shot clock in college basketball.

Actually, Smith didn't invent an offense so much as he refined a long-existing one. The delay has been around since the clock first became part of basketball, but unlike the freeze, in which the offensive team makes no attempt to score, the delay has rarely been a source of controversy. In fact, Henry Iba gave slowdown, or control, tactics a pretty good name in the '30s, '40s and '50s when his Oklahoma A&M teams patiently worked their way to 13 league titles and two national championships. Most of to-

continued

*In a basic scoring play off the four-corners, the chaser, who has been double-teamed, leaps to pass to an open cornerman cutting to the basket*

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB E. SPITZMEIER





Ford is the latest of Carolina's clever chasers

#### THE FOUR-CORNERS *continued*

day's delay offenses, variously called Aggie, Domino or 5-Game, are offsprings of Iba's concepts. The basis for Smith's version—the Ford Corners, as it is now entitled on bumper stickers all over North Carolina—was borrowed from Chuck Noy, who coached at South Carolina. "He called his 3-2 delay the Mongoose," Smith says, "and it was designed to free his two big men for a two-on-two game inside."

Smith first employed the four corners in 1963



Smith began experimenting with the 3-2 delay in 1963 while preparing for a game against Kentucky. And he had the perfect man to direct it in 5'10" playmaker Larry Brown, now coach of the NBA's Denver Nuggets. Brown was running the Mongoose in practice one day when Smith gave a signal to the defense to switch from a zone to a man-to-man. "Larry was supposed to notice the change, go into our new man-to-man delay and try to get easy shots for our big guys," says Smith. "Instead he drove right around his man and went in for a layup. He did the same thing the next time, except this time he hit our center, Billy Cunningham, with a back-door pass for another layup. I thought, 'We've got something here.'" The final score confirmed it: North Carolina 68, Kentucky 66. It was the first of nine times that the Tar Heels would beat the Wildcats while using the four-corners.

Smith did not immediately recognize the broad potential of his delay offense, and the four-corners lay dormant until the 1965-66 season, when he was seeking to utilize the one-on-one talents of All-Americans Larry Miller and Bob Lewis. Miller, Lewis and another guard, John Yorkley, alternated in the key role of chaser, the position Ford now plays. The Tar Heels held a 17-12 lead at Ohio State when Smith first flashed the four-fingered sign. The Buckeyes responded with a man-to-man defense but switched to a zone in the second half. Neither was effective as Carolina won, 82-72, and the four-corners became a permanent part of Smith's game plan.

From 1966 through '72, Carolina protected leads in 107 games with the four-corners and won all but two of them. Smith figures the Tar Heels increased their lead while using the delay in 81% of those games. Ford is only the latest of a long line of masterful four-corners operators at Carolina; the offense has been run about as successfully by Yorkley, Dick Gubur, Charlie Scott, Eddie Fogler, George Karl, John Kuester and Walter Davis. Ford was not even the chaser at Rocky Mount (N.C.) High. Boo Boo Alston was, and Ford learned how to protect the ball while dribbling by watching Boo Boo.

"People don't realize it, but the four-corners is a minute part of our philosophy," Smith says. "I guess we will always be identified with it, but I'd rather be known for our defense or the 86 points

we've averaged over the last decade. We are a running team." Nonetheless, the Tar Heels once did use the delay offense from the opening tap, in the 1966 ACC tournament against Duke, which had beaten them 88-77 and 77-63 during the regular season. This time Carolina came closer—21-20.

The only barrier to using the four-corners for the entire game—provided the delaying team does not fall behind—would seem to be basketball tradition, which tends to disdain such tactics. But, as St. Ambrose's recent successes indicate, even that prejudice may be disappearing. However, if the full-game delay comes in, a lot of paying customers might well go out.

The four-corners is designed to utilize a team's three best ballhandlers outside while hiding its other two players in the baseline corners. The chaser usually works around the top of the key, with the two wings along the sidelines near midcourt. The chaser thus has the middle of the floor open for one-on-one maneuvering against his man. Patience, plus the ability to dribble, pass and make pressure free throws are prerequisites for a successful four-corners. The chaser must also be alert enough to recognize double-teaming and cool enough to pick out the teammate who has been left unguarded. A chaser who performs these tasks proficiently, as Ford does, rubs the defense of its best hope against the four-corners, which is to force the chaser to pass, and then put pressure on a lesser ballhandler who is more likely to commit a turnover.

According to a book that Smith has been writing since 1966, the four-corners is intended to produce points, and it regularly provides five sorts of scoring opportunities. One of them is the free throw, because defenders made anxious by the delay game are more likely to foul. Another is the one-on-one drive by the chaser past his man, down the open lane and to the basket for a layup. The remaining three options involve passes from the chaser to a cutting cornerman when the defense double-teams the ballhandler or attempts to cut off his normal passing lanes.

In some ways, the most difficult aspect of the four-corners is deciding when it is the right time to employ it. "That's a seat-of-the-pants decision," says Smith. "I can tell you one thing: when it works—about 90% of the time—you are

*continued*

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a genius; when it fails, you're a bum."

Tom Feely, coach at the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul, has a four-corners timetable. If the number of points by which his team is leading coincides with the number of minutes remaining, he holds up four fingers. Thus, if St. Thomas has a six-point lead with six minutes left or a five-point advantage with five to go, Feely delays. But as Neil McCarthy of Weber State has found out, there is no need to wait until the end of the game. McCarthy's Wildcats got into early foul trouble last December during their 71-61 upset of Utah. "Two of our starters drew three personal within the first six minutes," McCarthy says. "We went to the four-corners strategy to survive—to make the game shorter."

McCarthy is typical of the coaches who have adopted the four-corners in the past couple of years. The Wildcats had only been toying with it in practice until they found themselves on the defensive end of a four-corners clinic—a 75-54 loss to North Carolina in the final of last season's Far West Classic. "They were ahead by 10 points with 12 minutes left when Smith called for it," says McCarthy. "We chased Ford the rest of the game, and they kept shooting foul shots and layups. After that we stopped experimenting with it and won 13 of the 14 times we used it in games."

Testimonials have come in from all over the country. Seattle's Bill O'Connor saw a North Carolina game on television and decided to try the four-corners. "We went to it for an entire game against Nevada-Las Vegas, because it was the only way we could spread their defense," O'Connor says. Don Haskins of Texas-El Paso used the four-corners to upset No. 10-ranked Arizona last season. "We didn't have a chance in the world of rebounding with them," he says. "But we didn't stall, we tried to score off layups and jumpers around the key every chance we got. I doubt if we held the ball for more than 30 seconds at any time." Notre Dame's Digger Phelps says, "We have used it with as many as 12 minutes left and scored 30 points with it. We did that last year to end San Francisco's 29-game winning streak."

Obviously the four-corners is hard to beat. The simplest way is to get a lead on a team that likes to use it, and that is exactly what Wake Forest's Tacy did last week. But he has also been successful with other tactics against the Tar Heels;

he had two victories over them in 1976-77, even though Carolina used the four-corners. "You have to have talented defensive players, and you've got to practice a lot," he says. "We double-team the ball, rotate our other defensive players to prevent layups and go for the steal. At times we'll play the three outside guys man-to-man and the two centermen in a zone. Stopping layups and not fouling are musts." As for controlling Ford, Tacy adds, "He is a great ballhandler and always a threat to penetrate all the way to the basket. We pressure him and like to see him give up the ball, so we can play the others."

Running teams can get into trouble by switching to the four-corners, warns Di Tom Davis, the coach at Boston College. "Once you change the tempo and slow down, it is difficult to get started if you want to run again. It can have a devastating effect when you go into it and lose. But North Carolina seems to have the talent to do just about anything and win." Penn State's John Bach tried the four-corners two years ago, but has scrapped it. "It can be a disaster if a team can't execute it properly," he says. "It takes superior talent to run it."

And, apparently, it helps if the coach is a skilled gamesman. North Carolina never calls time out before going into the four-corners, and Smith teaches his players to smile at defenders while running it. He claims this instills confidence, but it may also cause opponents to become exasperated more quickly and, therefore, commit more fouls. Visiting coaches at Carolina's Carmichael Auditorium make certain the Tar Heels shoot at the basket away from the Carolina bench in the second half, so Ford cannot get instructions as easily from Smith and his assistants, and so the visiting coach can talk to his defense. There has also been psychological warfare in the press. Smith delights in saying that over the years he has seen newspaper quotes from at least one player on every ACC opponent saying, in essence, "I hope Carolina doesn't go to the four-corners."

If the Tar Heels' delay is ever fully stopped, it will most likely be by legislation requiring a 30-second shot clock, like the one used in the women's game and international competition. "The four-corners ain't fun to watch, ain't fun to play against and ain't fun to play," says Iowa State's Nance, the delay's most outspoken critic. "Basketball

coaches have an obligation to the fans to at least put on an interesting game. I think it will be around as a delay weapon, but I think defenses are catching up to it. If it does become more popular, I hope they put in a 30-second clock." Louisville's Denny Crum says, "I would like a 30-second clock, but it should be turned off in the last two minutes of the game so a team can protect a lead. I'm not opposed to holding the ball at the end, because it is part of the game to want to take only layups and shoot free throws. But we're in the entertainment business and using a delay for more than that is not entertainment."

Jim Boheim of Syracuse also would like to have a 30-second clock except in the closing minutes, but he does not think it will ever be approved. "The weaker teams don't want it," he says, "and most everyone believes they have a weaker team. They feel they need to control the ball to have a chance." South Carolina's Frank McGuire says, "Smaller schools would never win with a clock because it would eliminate their way of equalizing talent with strategy. The clock would not be approved because too many smaller schools would vote against it."

Quite simply, the problem has been caused by the fact that North Carolina, traditionally a powerful team, has had extraordinary success with a tactic that can also help the weak. Smith recognizes the dilemma. "I would welcome a 30-second clock," he says, "but it would be selfish of me. It would only make North Carolina stronger, and the imbalance would not be good for basketball. Some teams that have beaten us would not have done so with a clock." Ford concurs. "We use the four-corners to run down the clock," he says, "just like in football. Everyone plays us differently, and the more we run it the tougher it gets. It is a part of the strategy of basketball that I love."

And it's a part of basketball that has become so synonymous with him and his school that the four-corners briefly crept into the lingo of another sport. When the New York Yankees visited Chapel Hill for a baseball exhibition against the Tar Heels last spring, Carolina held a 1-0 lead when Reggie Jackson came to bat. "I guess this is where they go to the four-corners," the slugger said. Up in the stands, a former high school shortstop of some distinction named Phil Ford was wishing they could



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<sup>2</sup>A "tort," strictly speaking, is a wrongful act (other than breach of contract) for which damages may be recovered in court.

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vague terms are often the basis for huge demands. We have recently seen the filing of a \$31 million malpractice suit on the grounds of "mental distress."

<sup>3</sup>Most awards are paid by insurance and any continuing increase in the size or number of awards must be reflected in insurance costs. For example, product liability insurance for manufacturers, and malpractice insurance for physicians, more

than doubled in one recent 12-month period. While these were averages country wide, for many the increases were even more severe. In California recommended increases for product liability protection for clothing manufacturers jumped 400% in 1976, while malpractice insurance for some physicians increased 347%.



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# 'LORD, NO MORE THAN FIVE'

At the start of his five-minute stint in goal, Bozo simply wanted to hold the Flyers to no more than a goal a minute

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SACCO

I was fully dressed, goalie's pads and all, almost an hour before the Boston Bruins were due on the ice in the Spectrum against the Philadelphia Flyers. It seemed as good a way as any to wait for my five-minute stint in the goal. The rest of the Bruins sat around in their long white union suits—the first layer of hockey apparel—and played cards or chatted

easily. My behavior was not considered especially odd. Don Cherry, the Bruin coach, came over and said there was nothing consistent about how professionals prepared for a game. "Bobby Orr was the earliest one I ever saw in the locker room," he said. "If it was an eight o'clock game, Orr'd get there no later than three in the afternoon. He'd pace around with a big weighted hockey stick, iron on the bottom of the blade, so that when he picked up his regular stick it felt like nothing. He'd get half dressed, watch TV and fix his sticks until game time. Then you have the guys who come in late. Wayne Cashman comes in late. Brad Park comes in 10 minutes before the team's due on the ice for the warmups. What difference does it make?" Cherry studied my attire. "But I don't know many players who get completely dressed so early. When are you going to put on your helmet?"

"Very soon," I said.

Cherry told me about some of the pregame rituals. Phil Esposito laid out his stick in a certain way, and his gloves, too, and if anyone rearranged them or stepped on his stick, there was always a big commotion. Just before going out on the ice, Orr always went around the locker room and touched everyone with his stick, and Terry O'Reilly has carried on that practice with the current team.

"Do you have any rituals?" Cherry asked.

"A lot of sweating," I said.

"I can see that."

My roommate at training camp, Jim Pettie, had described the odd pregame behavior of a fellow goalie, Dave Reece, who had played with Pettie at Rochester. "Dave and I were talking before a game," Pettie told me, "discussing the players on the other team—just a normal sort of conversation except that I noticed Reece kept looking up at the clock on the locker-room wall. Suddenly he quit talking in the middle of a sentence. He had just said, 'Now you got to watch this guy because he comes down the ice and cuts . . .'. And that was the end of it, like he'd been gagged, and from that time on he never spoke a word until after the game. That was his ritual—exactly an hour before the opening face-off he'd quit talking. He made it quite hard on himself, because if he wanted water or something, or had something really important on his mind to say, he'd point down his throat with a finger or he'd wave his hands around and look at you with this pleading look, hoping you'd understand what he wanted. But he'd never say anything, ever. In fact, he never said a word until after a game was over—just a lot of nodding and finger-waving."

The tension in the Bruin locker room did not really begin to settle in until after we had come off the ice from the 15-minute pregame warmup. A stick lay in front of each player, facing out into the room. The constant sound was the rip of tape; the players applied strips of it to their skate-boot tops and to their pads, and they worked on their sticks. Through the locker-room door we could hear the organ playing and the distant and increasing murmur of the crowd. At intervals a thin, squeaky voice emerged from a squawk box on the wall: "ten minutes," "five minutes," the time remaining until we were to go out. That sudden foreign presence would break the quiet concentration and ignite a number of exhortations from the more conscious

*His belly-flapping form was not textbook perfect, but on this save Plimpton had a nose for the puck*





Remembering Cheevers' advice to remain erect in goal: Plumpton easily turned aside Bob Kelly's shot

valuable of the Bruins. "Be loose and tramp 'em" someone called out. "Stick it to 'em." "Everybody work out there."

I sat looking bleekly out into the room. The goalies were all in one corner. Gerry Cheevers had some suggestions to make. "The Flyers have two incredible cannons at the point—Bladen and Darley," he told me. "Look out for them. When MacLesh gets the puck, as he comes across the middle he cuts loose, usually high, a shot he can get off in full stride. MacLesh and Leach shoot if they have half a chance, and remember they don't have to get set to shoot."

"Right," I said.

"Bobby Clarke is so good at the face-off in your zone that you'll have to rearrange your stance in the nets." He stood up to show me how. "As for Dorahoefer, he'll jam you in the crease. He's not supposed to touch you, but you'll think he's part of your equipment. Get rid of him. Crack him with your stick."

As Cheevers went through this litany, I had not the courage to tell him that while the names were familiar enough, I knew them only from the newspapers and sports journals. I saw no hope of picking these people out in the hurly-burly on the ice—with the exception of Dorahoefer, perhaps, whose presence would be difficult to ig-

nore—and making delicate adjustments.

But I nodded pleasantly. "Yes, yes. Naturally."

"Now if Dorahoefer fights you in the crease," Cheevers went on, "we're not coming to help you. We're staying on the bench. We're not fooling around with that guy."

Bob Schmalz suddenly fell to his knees in his long union suit and offered up a mournful prayer on my behalf, pleading that I had sinned, but not so deeply as to be worthy of punishment by a Flyer slap shot. "Spare him that!" he cried, rolling his eyes at the ceiling.

Gilles Gilbert, who was to be the goalie in the regular game, pretended to drop a skate on his bare foot, incapacitating himself. "I can't go on," he called out. "Send in the new guy."

I sat there with a half grin: the kidding went on until Cherry called for our attention and began his pregame talk. He lashed at us, his voice rose. "There's a full house out there. Every one of them remembers the playoffs last year when you beat them four straight and they'll really be standing up to you." His vocabulary was formidable peppered with cusswords, which was odd, because in ordinary conversation with him there was little of this. It was as if the official language of the peroration required this

sort of embellishment. He glared at us. "Take it to them! If they ever have one of our guys down, I don't care about the third-man rule, the rest of you be there to help him!"

It crossed my mind that Cherry was pumping the team up too much (at least for my good), that the Bruins would go out and "muck it up in the corners"—which was the expression for being physical and intimidating the other team—so heartily that the Flyers would begin to bristle and retaliate, and perhaps they might shoot high and ring a few "ringers" off the new goalie's "mielon" just to see what would happen.

Cherry kept ruing at us. He said he didn't care if the Bruins were getting beaten 15-0 in the first five minutes; he looked grimly over at me as he said this, but he'd remember every tittle a check was made along the boards. That was the sort of pressure he wanted. "Take the body!" he commanded them.

I wondered how many times the Bruins had heard these same words, been subjected before how many games to this appeal to be physical, to go out and muck it up in the corners. The Bruins were famous for it. I had asked how eventual this was to their success. Weren't skill and finesse sufficient attributes? Peter McNab, the big center, had told me that the superstar teams were invariably tough; the tough players got more skating room on the ice—were allowed it, like lepers—and that was worth any amount of finesse. Physical pressure was what made one team dominate another. Peter said that it was possible to sense when the other team sagged under such pressure. The analogy he used was that of a wounded animal, and the predators knowing it and closing in—and the great pros, especially, could feel it and increase the pressure. No, Cherry could talk about being physical all he wanted. You never could be reminded enough.

When Cherry finished, we had just a few minutes left. Cheevers leaned across from his bench. He looked very serious. He had one or two more things he wanted me to remember. "Stand up! Stand up!" he said, meaning to remind me to keep myself upright on the ice, that I was useless if I fell down. Under the stress of the moment I misunderstood him and assumed that he was commanding me to stand up in the locker room. I shot up from my bench abruptly, towering over Cheevers on my skates.

and I looked down at him questioningly.

"Not in here, for God's sake," Cheevers said, "out on the ice." He shook his head. "We've got a real basket case in here."

Cherry read out the lines, and also the starting team: Mike Forbes and Al Sims at defense, and the McNab line, with Dave Forbes and Terry O'Reilly at the wings. He then read out my name as the goaltender somewhat perfunctorily. I thought, as if it were a natural choice to make, and then he looked over at me. "It's time. Lead them out."

I clumped to the door. I had forgotten my stick. Someone handed it to me, and I was first out into the tunnel. I could hear the Bruins yelling behind me.

The tunnel to the rink is dark, with the ice right there at its lip, so that one sours out of it, like a bat emerging from a cast-iron pipe, into the brightest sort of light—the ice a gigantic opaque sheet of glass, the great banks of spectators rising up from it in a bordering mass, out of which cascaded a thunderous assault of boos and catcalls. Cherry was right. The Bruins were not popular in Philadelphia at all. We wheeled around in our half of the ice, the Flyers in theirs. There was no communication between the two teams; indeed, the players seemed to put their heads down as they approached the center line, sailing by within feet of each other without so much as a glance. Pettie had told me. "In hockey you don't talk to the other guy, ever. You don't pick him up when he falls down, like in football. You'll never see anything like the conversations baseball players have at first base, the guys chatting and passing the time of day with each other." He told me about a pregame warmup in one of the Soviet-NHL series, in which our teammate Wayne Cashman had spotted a Russian player coming across the center line to chase a puck; Cashman had intercepted the Russian and checked him violently into the boards. "Well, the guy was in the wrong place," Pettie said when I expressed my astonishment. "He should have known better."

I skated over to the boards to adjust my mask, working at the clasp at my chin. The fans leaned forward and peered at me through the wire mesh of the Russian-style mask—as if through the bars of a menagerie cage at some strange inmate within. "Hey, lemme look," I heard one say, and a face came into view just inches away, the mouth ajar, and then it with-



*Forgetting Cheevers' precept, Plimpton will have to get a grip on his bear-skin's leg to regain his feet*

drew to be replaced by another, craning to see.

I could hear the loudspeaker system announcing me as the goalie for a special five-minute game. The Bruins were motioning at me to get in the goal. We were a minute or so away from game time. I pushed off from the boards and reached the goal in a slow glide, stopping and turning myself around slowly and carefully. The Bruins began skating by, cuffing at my pads with their sticks as they passed—swats that denoted encouragement, like a pat on the seat of the pants—and even as I wobbled slightly in the crease from the impact of some of the stronger blows, I felt a surge of appreciation and warmth toward them for doing it. Two of the Bruins stopped and helped me rough up the ice in front of the cage. This is to let the goalie get a decent purchase with his skate blades, but it is invariably done by the goalie himself—long, scraping side thrusts with his skates to remove the sheen from the new ice. It was difficult for me to do and they came out to assist. To have teammates help with this ritual was comparable to sending a pair of baseball players out to tend to a batter getting set in the batter's box—scuffing out toeholds for him, smoothing out the dirt and generally preparing things for him, as if the batter were

as unable to shift for himself as a storefront mannequin. However odd this may have seemed from the stands—the three of us toiling away in front of the net—it added to my sense of common endeavor. "Thank you, thank you," I murmured.

Other Bruins stopped by while this was going on, and peering into my mask, they offered last-minute advice. "Chop 'em down" Chop 'em down!" I looked out at Boh Schmautz and nodded from within my helmet. His jaw moved furiously on some substance. "Chop 'em down!" he repeated as he skated off to stand for the national anthem.

I spent the anthem wondering vaguely whether my mask constituted a hat, and if I should remove it. My fear was that if I tampered with any of my equipment, I might not have it in proper working order at the face-off. I imagined the Flyers coming immediately down the ice on a goalie barefaced, head down, fiddling with the chin strap of his mask, his big mitt tucked under his arm to free his fingers for picking at the clasp, his stick lying across the top of the net—no, it was not worth contemplating. I sang loudly inside my helmet to compensate for any irreverence.

A roar went up at the anthem's conclusion, and there was something grim and anticipatory about that welter of

*continued*

sound, as if "Oh my, we're really going to see something good now." As the public-address system announced my name (and that I would be in the goal for five minutes), I saw the players slide their skates apart, legs akimbo and stiff, their sticks down, the upper parts of their bodies now horizontal to the ice—a freeze of tension—and I knew the referee in his striped shirt, poised at the center circle and ready for flight once he had dropped the puck, was about to trigger things off. I remember thinking, "Please, Lord, don't let them score more than five," feeling that one goal a minute was a dismaying enough rate. And then I heard the sharp-cracking of sticks against the puck.

For the first two minutes, the Bruins kept the puck in the Flyer end. Perhaps they knew that a torrid offense was the only hope of staving off an awkward-sounding score. They played as if the net behind them were empty, as if their goalie had been pulled in the last minute of a game they hoped to tie with the use of an extra player. I saw the leg pad of the Flyer goaltender fly up to deflect a shot.

Well, this wasn't bad at all. I thought. There can be nothing easier in sport

than being a hockey goalie when the puck is at the opposite end. Nonchalance is the proper attitude. One can do a little house-keeping, sweeping the ice shavings off to one side with the big stick. Humming a short tune is possible. It occurred to me it was not unlike standing at the edge of a millpond, looking out across a quiet expanse at some vague activity at the opposite end almost too far away to be discernible. Could they be fishing down there? But then, suddenly, the distant, aimless, water-bug scuttling becomes an oncoming surge of movement as everything—players, sticks, the puck—starts coming in on a direct line, almost as if a tsunami, that awesome tidal wave of the South Pacific Ocean, had suddenly materialized at the far end of the millpond and was beginning to sweep down toward one.

"A tsunami!" a friend of mine had asked.

"Well, it is like that," I said. "A great encroaching wave full of things being borne along at full tilt—hockey sticks, helmets, faces with no teeth in them, those black, barrel-like hockey punts, the skates and, somewhere in there, that awful puck. And then, of course, the noise."

"The noise?"

"Well, the crowd roars as the players come down the ice, and so the noise seems as if it were being generated by the wave itself. And then there's the racket of the skates against the ice, and the thump of bodies against the boards, and the crack of the puck against the gloves, like an artillery round going off down the line. It's noisy, and all of a sudden your section of the ice is very crowded indeed, as if you had been overwhelmed by the wave itself."

I told him that what one was supposed to do in this situation was to keep one's eye on the puck at all costs. In my case, I had only fleeting glimpses of it: it sailed elusively between the skates and sticks, as shifty as a rat in a hedgerow, it seemed impossible to forecast its whereabouts. My body jumped and swayed in a series of false starts. Cheevers had explained to me that at such moments he instinctively understood what was going on, acutely aware of the patterns of the offense developing, to whose stick the puck had gone and what that player was likely to do with it. The action slowed down for him, such was his appreciation of what was happening. The motion of the puck was as significant to him as the movement of a knight on a chessboard would be to an expert. It was far too complex for me. I concentrated on the simplest of his instructions: "Stand up! Stand up! Keep your stick on the ice."

The first shot the Flyers took went in. I had only the briefest peek at the puck as it sped in from the point to my right, a zinger, and was tipped in on the fly by a Philadelphia player named Orest Kindrachuk who was standing just off the crease. The assists were awarded to Rick LaPointe and Barry Dean. I heard this melancholy news over the public-address system, just barely aware of the names over the uproar of a Philadelphia crowd that was pleased as punch that a Bruin team had been scored on, however porous its goalie.

Pettie had told me what to do if scored on. The theory was that the goaltender should never suggest by his actions on the ice that he was responsible for what had happened. One play was to continue staring out at the rink in a pained crouch, as if one had been thoroughly screened and did not know the shot had been taken. In cases where being screened was obviously not a contributing cause, it was recommended that the goalie make a violent, abusive gesture at one of his defensemen.

All the Bruins bounded off the bench to congratulate Plimpton after he stopped Leach's penalty shot.





ity to stop and scramble back to protect the net from that sort of juking tactic was nonexistent. Once I committed myself to skating out to cut down the angle, I had no choice but to continue, much as an empty sled sails down a hill.

The Flyers picked Reggie Leach, who had scored 61 goals two seasons ago, to take the shot. I heard his name over the public-address system, and the crowd began to roar. I watched the other players withdraw. There were just the two of us on that vast expanse. Then I saw Leach begin to pick up speed. As he crossed the blue line, I skated hastily out to meet him, and as we converged I threw myself sideways onto the ice (someone said later it looked like the collapse of an ancient sofa). As I slid up to him, I closed my eyes. Leach took his shot; it hit the edge of one of my skates and skidded away.

I heard the tumult from the stands. The Bruins came off the bench to assist me off. I saw their big grins, and their gloves cuffed me around. Halfway to the

Boston bench I tripped, or perhaps I was knocked over by one of the congratulatory backslaps, and I half slipped to the ice before the Bruins hauled me up like a sack of potatoes and skated me over to the bench. It was a very heady time. I beamed at the Bruins seated alongside

"How many saves?"

"Oh, 30 or 40 at least. You were really in the barrel."

"Was that really Leach who took the penalty shot?"

"Yeah, Leach. He's finished. He's a psychological ruin to have missed a penalty shot against you. You've won us the Stanley Cup."

I bailed happily in all this splendid hyperbole. "It's over, isn't it?"

I was assured that it was. "You don't want to do any more of it?" someone asked.

"No, no, the best time is now," I said.

After the regular game was over, I started to dress. I noticed that the room had quieted down and the Bruins were looking over. I discovered why. They had

carved up my clothing: my tie was chopped in half, the toes had been snapped from my socks, the seat was gone from my underpants. As I pulled on one of these ruined items, the Bruins rocked back and forth in their stalls, pounding their gloves on the wooden seats and roaring with laughter.

Cherry looked on. "Well, you've been initiated," he said. "It's a good thing you didn't lose your head of hair along with the bottom half of that tie. The hair usually goes, too."

He watched me carefully knot what was left of my tie. "Well, you've had enough happen to you today," he said. "You survived five minutes in the goal, including a big Flyer power play. You got the bottom of your underpants cut out—"

"And my socks are gone."

"—you also stopped Reggie Leach's penalty shot."

"That's right."

"You've got enough to remember."

"Absolutely," I said.

END

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## FROM THE BASEMENT TO THE BOOTH



THE ALBERTS—STEVE, MARV AND AL—ALL COVER THE NBA

Each summer, as soon as NBA schedule maker Eddie Gottlieb puts the finishing touches on his latest creation, Marv, Al and Steve Albert start planning family get-togethers. As play-by-play announcers for three NBA teams, they rarely see each other once the season begins, so the three or four times they greet one another across basketball floors are signal occasions for sports broadcasting's most extended family. And the brothers have plenty to reminisce about whenever they meet, because they all worked their way up from the basement to the booth.

Marv, 35, does Knick games on radio (New York's WNEW), a job he grew up wanting—and finally got in the 1967-68 season. Al, 31, now in his third season with Denver, doubles up on radio (KOA) and television (KWGN) for the Nuggets. Steve, 27, announces telecasts of Net games on WOR in New York.

It is hardly happenstance that all three of Max and Alida Albert's children earn their livings by sitting behind microphones at sports events. When they were kids in Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, they turned their basement into a mini-Madison Square Garden. Knick fan clubs met there, and Marv organized Ping-Pong tournaments so he would have something to practice his play-by-play on. He even used commercials taped from broadcasts of Knick games during lulls in the action.

Though his parents packed him off to ac-

cordion and piano lessons, Marv's thoughts seldom strayed far from sports. "He'd come home from his lessons all blue and purple after mimeographing his fan-club letters," his mother says. "He took Alan to fan-club meetings, and they both coerced Steve into giving up art for announcing."

Along with a craving for jobs in sports broadcasting, the three brothers shared a last name that even Henry Higgins would have difficulty pronouncing. Their birth certificates show their surname to be

Aufrecht, but when Marv went to Syracuse University and began working at Upstate New York radio stations, his family decided to change it knowing that Albert would be a lot easier to sell in broadcasting markets. Steve was in grade school at the time, and he remembers telling his teacher, "Miss Shoughnessy, I have a new name—it's Albert." Up in Syracuse that same day, Marv opened his show, "Good afternoon, this is Marv Albert," and Aufrecht vanished from the airwaves, although the old name still hangs over the family grocery store in Brooklyn.

Not that the hyperenergetic Marv needed any help when it came to salesmanship. In addition to announcing the Knicks, he does the sports news for WNBC-TV in New York, handles regional telecasts of baseball, pro football and college basketball on the NBC network and broadcasts the New York Rangers on radio.

"The puzzle fits together for Marv because WNBC gives him the flexibility necessary to do a variety of sports," says Steve, who broadcasts weekend sports news on rival WCBS and, therefore, is not free on Saturdays and Sundays to pursue other assignments.

Marv's puzzle began to fit together one night in 1963 when Knick play-by-play man Marty Glickman could not work a game in Boston. With 16-year-old Al as his statistician, Marv did his first NBA game. No one recalls if he punctuated his calls of baskets that

night with an emphatic "Yessss!" but that word has since become his trademark. It helped establish Marv as one of the country's most readily identifiable basketball announcers; it probably helped to open some doors for his brothers, too.

Within a few years a second Albert voice was heard on New York radio when Al became the play-by-play man for the Nets, who were then based on Long Island. After four seasons with them, he headed for the Rockies, leaving comparisons with Marv for his younger brother Steve. Working in Denver, where the living is casual, has allowed Al to all but junk his vested suits and indulge a predilection for informal on-the-air attire that began in college.

When I visited Alan in his sophomore year, he was doing play-by-play in pads and skates," says his father, Al. Al was then a reserve goalie for Ohio University, and rather than have him sit on the bench, the coach assigned him to the announcer's booth. But by his senior season, he was good enough to start, and later he briefly played with Toledo in the International Hockey League. "At least I had a chance to understand what it is like to be in the pros," Al says.

Like Al, Steve began his career in college hockey. "I chose Kent State because it didn't have a team," Steve says. "I figured that if I organized one, then I could broadcast the games." During the two years it took to build the rink, Steve covered the school's jayvee basketball team. "Then suddenly I was president, traveling secretary, PR director and the voice of the Kent State Clippers," he says. Steve stayed with hockey after graduation, broadcasting games in Cleveland. It was not until two seasons ago that he began doing basketball regularly, and the quality of his NBA announcing is still not on a par with the supercharged style of Marv or the relaxed delivery of Al.

Even during the season, basketball is not enough for the boys from Brooklyn. Marv scampers between sports, Steve is looking for more sports to scamper to, and Al is devoting his spare time to developing a children's animated TV series. He is trying to sell it to a sponsor or a network. The Albert salesmanship being what it is, the eventual answer can't be anything but "Yessss!" **END**

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## A good life on The Farm

*Cam Brown of the University of Maine-Farmington is the leading Division III scorer, but his post-graduate ambition is a teaching job at home, not a professional career*

Farmington is just another little Currier & Ives town along a winding Maine road, about 200 miles north of Boston and 70 miles from the Canadian border. The brick buildings of the downtown area huddle together along the Sandy River, the farms are scattered across the hillsides. Logging trucks roll past on the highways, the local radio station plays *Pine Tree John Got Drunk* and signs on the outskirts of town tell you that the Rotary meets on Thursdays.

Farmington also is the location of The Farm—the University of Maine at Farmington, a 1,600-student state college that opened 114 years ago as Western State Normal School. Cameron Brown is a senior at The Farm, hoping that a year from now he'll be teaching elementary school back home in Hallowell, or any place in Maine where he and his wife can get teaching jobs. Right now, however, Brown is the 6'4" star forward of the UMF Beavers and well known to faithful readers of the Waterville and Lewiston papers and the National Collegiate Athletic Association statistics sheets. Cam Brown is the leading scorer in the country among NCAA Division III schools. And on the weekly lists of stats for that division's schools—Eastern Merrimack, Slippery Rock, Ripon, et al.—he is the only player among the nation's leaders in all four individual categories: scoring (31.1, first), rebounding (11.6, 18th), field-goal percentage (.715, third) and free-throw percentage (.930, seventh). An old friend saw Cam's name mentioned in a South Dakota newspaper story on statistical leaders. Another heard about him on his radio off the Florida Keys. "I couldn't believe it," says Brown. "South Dakota? Florida? I get one write-up a year in my hometown paper [the *Kennebec Journal of Augusta*] and that's only an hour away."

Such is fame, and last week as Brown

was bouncing around in the warmup lines for a game with Lyndon State of Vermont, he was asked to step over and pose for a picture with Lyndon's Ricky Sutton. It seemed that the Maine United Press International office wanted the two to pose together. Sutton, a 6' guard from Highland Park, N.J., had led the nation's Division III scorers the past two years, and now he was playing against Cam. Brown fidgeted through the picture-taking. He was nervous; this was one of the few times he'd ever seen two photographers in Dearborn Gymnasium, and this also was the first game the Beavers had played in six weeks.

The last had been on Dec. 16 against Nasson of Springvale, Maine. Exams came after that, then Christmas. While Phil Ford of North Carolina spent his Christmas vacation playing in Hawaii and Ronnie Perry of Holy Cross spent his in New York, Cameron Brown was leading beer cases for an Augusta liquor distributor. He married his longtime girl friend, Donna Teel, on Jan. 7 and two days later started a two-week schedule that began each day at 5:30, included the hour drive to Augusta and ended with Cam and Donna working nights in a pizza shop. The first time Brown touched a basketball after the Nasson game was on Jan. 20, six days before the matchup with Sutton.

His nerves, rust and Lyndon's box-and-one all helped make Brown's afternoon begin miserably. In the opening minutes he couldn't get the ball, and the first couple of times he did, he forced bad shots. Then Lyndon got tired of chasing him around and things began to fall together. A 20-footer from the right side-line. Swish. Next time down the floor, a 20-footer from the left. Swish. Back door. Two more points. Brown was limited to 26 minutes because of foul trouble, but when the game was over he had added



*Brown leads the division with a 31.1 average*

these numbers to the stat sheets: 12-for-16 from the floor, 30 points, nine rebounds, six assists. UMF's Steve Powell had frustrated Sutton into an 18-point afternoon, and The Farm held Lyndon far below its 107-point average. The 84-69 victory raised Farmington's record to 7-1 and put it on the way to its third NAIA regional playoff berth in four years (like many smaller schools, Farmington is a member of both the NCAA and NAIA).

Statistics aside, Brown's performance was typical of what has made him Farmington's best player for four years. He hit 20-footers from either side, jump hooks from the baseline and turnaround. He even executed one dazzling left-handed drive. "I've never seen anyone, except maybe John Havlicek, work as hard or as well without the ball," says UMF Coach Len MacPhee. "I don't care what level you're talking about. He's a textbook, only you don't put his kind of

*continued*

intensity, self-perfection and orneriness in textbooks."

Nature made Cameron Brown 6'4", 180 pounds and a bit slow. It also left him three inches, 20 pounds and a leap and a step from the big time. "I've often wished I were 6'7", says Brown, "but I'm not, so I make the best of what I have. Coming from a Class C Maine high school, I had no false expectations."

"Last year Sutton told me he was transferring to Rutgers, that he had to if he were going to play pro. It's different for him. In New Jersey his peers play the big time, maybe the pros. Hey, my hero in high school was Brad Moore. He comes from Hallowell and starred at Colby. It's different in Maine. It's almost as if we're cut off from the rest of the country. If someone says he's going to play after college, he probably means for the Griffin Club in Portland. I play here for the same reasons that as a kid I shot in my backyard until my hands bled. I want to. If I have a really good year, maybe even get some of this publicity, I look at it one way—maybe it'll help Donna and me get teaching jobs."

In the summer Brown has worked with and played against players from Division I and II schools. "I think I could play with them now, even the big time up to Orono," Brown says, referring to the University of Maine.

"But I couldn't have, coming out of high school." Even though Hall-Dale Regional (300 students) won the state Class C championship, Cam was not formally recruited. No scholarships, no assistant coaches in patent-leather shoes. "I wanted a place like Farmington," he says.

Including the school, Farmington has a population of about 6,500. The town's big claim to fame is Chester Greenwood Day; he invented the earmuff. There are few bars in town, and the only week-nights the Golden Galley is busy are those when UMF plays, when Buckeye and the boys—rabid local alumni—come to town. "The State Theater never shows X-rated films," Brown says. "Matter of fact, if they're R-rated, they're cut so much they only last an hour."

The philosophy of the athletic program is clearly spelled out in the UMF catalog—"to create opportunity for participation by more students." Thus MacPhee's budget is \$2,200, of which \$1,000 is used to pay officials. "We're in what someone called a '12-man-van league,'" says MacPhee, who also teaches a full

course load in the physical education department. Many of UMF's opponents pull kids out of New York or Boston; all of MacPhee's are from Maine. Last year the players raised \$8,000 for a Christmas trip to Great Britain, the first flight for 10 of them. But \$8,000 can't be raised too often, so the one overnight trip this year was to U. Maine-Presque Isle. The big rivals are U. Maine-Portland-Gorham and Husson College of Bangor. The league is called the Western Maine Athletic Conference. Newspapers get the results from Sports Information Director Don Waterhouse. Many games are at 4 p.m., and the Lyndon game drew just 750. Special favors? To earn money in the work-study program last year, Brown had to wash the team's uniforms every day. "We'd get home in the middle of the night," he says, "and I'd have to go right to the laundry."

"I've gotten a lot out of this place," Brown continues. "Eventually, I'd like to coach, and there's no one better to have played for than Coach MacPhee. He believes in teaching kids the best systems offered by the North Carolinas, Indiana, etc. If one wants to learn, it's all there. I couldn't have asked for more."

Brown and MacPhee turned out to be a perfect marriage. MacPhee's teams are defense-oriented (the Beavers have led their league in defense the last five years), his offense geared to motion and passing. "I'm just not a one-on-one player," says Brown. In the three previous seasons there was more size (6'5" Ray McKenna is this year's biggest player) and more shooting balance, so Brown averaged 20.0, 19.3 and 18.3 points per game, shooting 54% and averaging 10.8 rebounds. "We don't try to get the ball to him any more than before," says MacPhee. "He's averaging just 17 shots a game. I guess it's a reward for years of being such a perfectionist. He always pushes himself to work harder than anyone on the court. He demands perfection. One night he went 11-for-12 in the first half and came to the locker room ornerly because of the one shot he missed."

Cameron Brown's ornery nature, so he says, is inherited. His father, now in the state agriculture department, was a left-handed pitcher who had much success in the town team leagues around Maine. Up in Jackman he knocked down a batter, and a lumberjack came out of the stands after him with a chain saw. Brown threatened to drill him between the eyes

with the baseball. The lumberjack backed off. Major league scouts offered the elder Brown contracts, but he had a wife, was from Maine and planned to stay.

Cam will stay there, too. Donna's family are Rockland fishermen (her uncle, Henry Teel, was the subject of several Andrew Wyeth paintings). And in five weeks the basketball career of the nation's leading scorer, Division III, will probably be over. "I think about that," says Brown. "but I never expected it to be any different. I never dreamed about the spotlight. I got more enjoyment out of basketball than I ever imagined. But I've got responsibilities now. I've got to start thinking about finding a job."

## THE WEEK

(Jan. 23-29)

by BRUCE NEWMAN

**EAST** It was supposed to be one of those eyeball-to-eyeball, whirlybird-slam matchups that college basketball seems to produce every 10 or 15 minutes. As one TV announcer predicted, his voice vibrant with awe, "This game will probably be decided above the rim." But the struggle between 6'9" Center James Bailey of Rutgers and 6'11" Roosevelt Bouie of Syracuse was less than Hercules. When the last proton had fallen to earth, the game had been decided where these games usually are—at the foul line—and Rutgers had a 77-73 victory.

Bailey, who came into the game averaging 25.7 points, went to the Rutgers bench with his third foul only nine minutes into the game. Bouie, meanwhile, was getting four of his shots above the rim and was having a hard time even holding on to the ball because of an injured right hand. Rutgers got 27 of its points at the free-throw line compared to 13 for Syracuse, and Rutgers Guard Tom Brown probably determined the outcome more than either big man by hitting 13 of 13 free throws.

Bouie was more impressive in Rutgers' 73-61 win over Duquesne, scoring 26 points. So was Syracuse in a 91-66 defeat of Temple, which broke the Owls' five-game win streak.

St. John's won a pair of thrillers, beating Manhattan 69-68 and Villanova 65-64. The Redmen trailed 67-65 with 26 seconds to play against Manhattan, when the Jaspers' Bill Brown and Gordon Thomas of St. John's began fighting. Both were ejected, and each sent down two technical fouls. George Johnson made both of his free throws for St. John's, but Steve Grant of Manhattan hit only one and the Jaspers led by a point. The Redmen then won the tip and Johnson, who wound up with 28 points, converted a jump-



er with 11 seconds remaining. Against Villanova, Bernard Rencher, who had a sprained left wrist, came off the bench to score 14 points, missing only one shot, and hit the game-winner from 20 feet with 1:33 left.

Holy Cross won all three of its games, including 78-63 and 76-63 victories over Connecticut and Massachusetts respectively en route to the Colonial Classic championship in the Boston Garden. The turnaround for the Crusaders may have come earlier in the week in an 82-76 defeat of Boston College. Trailing by 16 points at intermission, after a 23% shooting performance in the first half, Holy Cross had one of those loud locker-room sessions. Whatever was said worked. Ron Perry (31 points) took control of the offense and Chris Porter (13 rebounds) controlled the action around the basket.

"I'm tired, I'm upset, I'm disturbed, I'm unhappy," said Princeton Coach Pete Carril. The Tigers had just lost a painful 49-44 decision to Penn that gave the Quakers a solid lead in the Ivy League chase with a 4-0 record. "I don't see anybody beating them," said Carril, whose teams have won the Ivy title the past two years.

Virginia came from eight points behind with 5:15 remaining to beat North Carolina State 81-73 in overtime. The Cavaliers got some unexpected help from N.C. State's Kendall (Tiny) Pinder, who twice inadvertently tipped in missed Virginia free-throw attempts, one in the final 2% minutes of regulation play, the other with 34 seconds left in the extra period. Pinder didn't have one of his better games; he also missed two foul shots with 29 seconds to go and State leading 64-62.

Virginia also beat Duke 74-73, the Blue Devils blowing two free-throw opportunities down the stretch.

#### 1. NORTH CAROLINA (16-3)

2. SYRACUSE (14-3) 3. VIRGINIA (14-2)

## MIDEAST

Before Marquette's 78-62 victory over Xavier of Ohio, Warrior Coach Hank Raymond warned his players against complacency. "You're riding for a fall if you don't start getting serious," Raymond said. Four nights later his prediction came true in a 68-64 upset loss to Loyola. Ever since Kentucky was defeated by Alabama 78-62, the Marquette players and their coach had been talking at cross purposes. Jim Boylan, the Warriors' playmaking guard, had been telling people that Marquette should move into the No. 1 spot, held most of the season by Kentucky. But in the ancient Amphitheater on Chicago's South Side, Loyola's Andre Wakefield scored 25 points and made a prophet of Raymond. "I warned to show Bunch Lee I was out there, too," said Wakefield.

Kentucky, undefeated in 14 games, was simply no match for Alabama. "I could have played the managers and it wouldn't have

matterd," said UK Coach Joe Hall. Alabama used its full-court press the entire way and got 13 unanswered points midway through the first half. Reginald King led the Tide with 26 points.

After its Thursday night game at Ohio State was postponed until Saturday because of a blizzard, Michigan State was holed up in its hotel for 72 hours. "The kids called it the jail," said Spartan Coach Jud Heathcote. When MSU had reeled off its 13th straight win in a 70-60 decision over the Buckeyes, Heathcote said, "Now we're going back to that super great hotel and our plush rooms." The Spartans ran their Big Ten record to 7-0 with the victory.

Several games were postponed because of the weather, and the Ohio University Bobcats probably wish their contest with Central Michigan had been one of them. After suffering a 77-71 loss, the Bobcats set out in the team bus for home. Six hours later the bus became bogged down in the snow near Upper Sandusky, Ohio. When the driver opened the door, the wind ripped the springs off the hinges, and it couldn't be closed. Suitcases and duffel bags were stuffed in the doorway to keep out the cold, but soon the wind sucked them away, too. The bus was equipped with a CB radio, but even so, the team wasn't rescued until 3 p.m. the day after it had set out for home. A few days later the Bobcats were still in Upper Sandusky, lodged in the Knights of Columbus Hall.

#### 1. KENTUCKY (14-1)

2. MICH. ST. (15-1) 3. MARQUETTE (15-2)

## WEST

The University of Nevada-Reno suffered its first loss in the West Coast Athletic Conference but managed to cling to a first-place tie with San Francisco. The Wolf Pack shot only 38% from the field in a 71-65 defeat by Seattle but got 20 points from 6' Guard Mike (Fly) Gray in an 81-69 whipping of Portland. San Francisco continued to shadow Nevada-Reno in the WAC race with a pair of wins over Santa Clara. The Dons had problems early in the season, but a 5-1 record in conference play has quieted talk of dismemberment. San Francisco won the first of the home-and-home series at Santa Clara 74-66 with Guard Chubby Cox scoring 25 points while the Broncos ganged up inside on USE's 7' Center Bill Cartwright. The strategy worked for a while, as Santa Clara raced off to a 12-2 lead, but eventually the Dons outmuscled the Broncos. There was less shoving in the return match, which San Francisco won 92-73, as the officials took control early.

Try to figure Marvin Johnson. After scoring 23 points on nine of 14 shots in New Mexico's 113-89 defeat of Utah, Johnson was angry. "I had another bad game," Marvin moaned. Utah Coach Jerry Pimm wasn't altogether thrilled, either. "They gave us a

major league butt kicking," Pimm pined. Forwards Phil Abney and Willie Howard each scored 17 points, Howard coming off the bench for his. Howard sometimes gets so excited before night games that he falls asleep, so he was grateful to be playing in the afternoon. "I'm looser for day games," he says. "You don't have to sit around all day and worry." Worrisome Willie scored 23 points in 23 minutes two nights earlier in a 95-82 victory over Brigham Young.

BYU and Utah both lost big to the Lobos, and both just barely escaped with victories over lowly Texas-Eli Paso. UTEP has lost 15 consecutive games in the Western Athletic Conference. When Utah beat the Miners 57-35 on a 15-footer by flu-stricken Buster Matheny, with four seconds left, UTEP Coach Don Haskins must have wondered what he had to do to win a game. A few days later he thought he had the answer: turn up the music. BYU Coach Frank Arnold had to ask officials to shut the Miners' band up, he never did find a way to shut UTEP down, it wasn't until Guard Scott Runia hit a 19-footer with six seconds left in overtime that the Cougars could be sure of their 78-76 victory. "These games are hard enough without having the band play in your ear," said Arnold.

Guards Raymond Townsend and Roy Hamilton hooked up for 36 points to lead UCLA to its 16th straight victory over cross-town rival USC, 83-71.

#### 1. NEW MEXICO (15-2)

2. UCLA (14-2) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (15-4)

## MIDWEST

"You might say that we now are for real," said Iowa State Coach Lynn Nance, after the Cyclones beat Missouri 68-59 to retain a share of the Big Eight lead with Kansas. "It won't go down in history as one of the most artistic basketball games ever played. You might say that with all that pushing and shoving out there, it was not a smooth game. You might say that I'd rather be an unsartistic winner than an artistic loser."

Well, you might say that. You might also say that Iowa State is now tied at 6-1 with the powerful Jayhawks after the first half of the conference season. The Cyclones accomplished this mostly because Andrew Parker scored 28 points and 6' 11" Dean Uthoff had 18 rebounds and 16 points. Iowa State lost seven of its first 10 games, but through it all, the coach's faith never wavered. "I wouldn't have given you a penny that the team would suddenly win eight of nine games," said Nance after the Missouri game. "I just hope the clock doesn't strike twelve, or that somebody doesn't wake me up."

The Cyclones were charged with 24 fouls, committed eight turnovers and hit only 16 of 37 free throws, which is not the kind of thing that strikes fear into an opponent's heart. "Thank goodness Missouri

continued

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## COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

was as bad as we were," observed Nance.

Iowa State's league standing was largely the result of Nebraska's upstart eighth-ranked Kansas 62-58. Until now the Cornhuskers' basketball program had been a rumor at best, something to do between the football season and the spring football practice. But this year Nebraska is 16-3, and it got that way by not winning when the Jayhawks worked the score to 60-58 with 32 seconds to go. Bob Moore scored 17 points and hit two critical free throws to lead Nebraska.

Kansas rebounded with an 85-56 victory over Colorado. When a pregame radio interviewer suggested before the Colorado contest that the loss to the Cornhuskers took some pressure off his team, Kansas Coach Ted Owens bristled. "I can think of better ways to take off pressure than losing," he replied curtly. The Bulls hit only three of their first 17 shots, while Kansas made 10 of 14. Things got so desperate for Colorado that Coach Bill Blair put something that looked like a hockey goalie's mask on his promising freshman, Brian Johnston, and sent him into the game despite a broken jaw.

Kansas State got only 21 points from Mike

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**ANDRE WAKEFIELD:** The 6' 3" captain and guard, who was averaging 17 points a game, scored 25, had four steals and held the dangerous Burch Lee to 10 points in Loyola's 68-64 victory over second-ranked Marquette.

Evans and Curtis Redding, whose combined average is 41 points a game, in a 65-60 loss to Missouri. The Wildcats beat Oklahoma in overtime, 73-64, despite trailing by two with 22 seconds remaining in regulation play. Redding stole an inbound pass and drove for a dunk to force the overtime.

Arkansas won three times to keep pace with Texas in the Southwest Conference race, but both teams needed an overtime to win their first game of the week. Texas defeated Texas A&M 79-77, and Arkansas slipped by Baylor 56-55 on Ron Brewer's 20-footer at the buzzer. Two nights later Texas beat Baylor 78-76 and Arkansas defeated SMU 72-65. The Longhorns then inherited SMU and ground out their third win of the week 85-80. The Razorbacks extended their record to 19-1 with a 54-49 victory over Texas Tech.

Florida State hit 32 of 39 free throws, and that was enough for an 88-75 defeat of St. Louis. Elsewhere, Illinois State got 19 points from Billy Lewis in an 80-73 defeat of Southern Illinois-Edwardsville, and Indiana State ran its losing streak to four with a 74-70 overtime defeat at Wichita State and a 72-64 loss at home to Creighton.

## 1. ARKANSAS (19-1)

2. ILLINOIS ST. (18-2) 3. FLORIDA ST. (15-2)



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rugged vinyl to supple velour in the Estate Wagon. And the decor is elegant enough to convince you you're riding in a fine automobile.

In motion the Century Wagon is a product of the times—trimmer, lighter on its feet, decidedly more nimble to handle in traffic than last year's counterpart. And because of that, less power is required to move it, too. In fact, the Century is powered by a new, even-firing, 231-cubic-inch, (3.8 litre), V-6, which in turn does marvelous things with a gallon of gas.

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## Rocky road for the kids

*Now that Broncomania has subsided, Barry Beck and Paul Gardner hope to stir up some Rockymania in Denver*

One recent night when Broncomania was raging at a feverish peak in Denver, rookie defenseman Barry Beck of the Colorado Rockies went out for a drink—a beer, of course, not some silly Orange Crush—at a local pub. Being only 20 years old in a state where the legal drinking age is 21 can be a problem, unless like Beck one stands 6'3", weighs 218 pounds, looks 28 years old and glares a lot. "Aren't you one of the Broncos?" asked the girl at the door. She never even asked for Beck's I.D.

In Denver, to look as if one might be a Bronco is better than being Barry (Bubba) Beck. Oh, sure, as of last week Beck was the leading goal-scoring defenseman in the NHL after tallying No. 16 in Colorado's stunning 6-4 triumph over the Philadelphia Flyers, and he had just played in the All-Star Game. And one of his teammates, 21-year-old Center Paul Gardner, was sixth in the NHL with 30 goals. But out there where houses are painted orange and the Denver Post has printed letters to the editor castigating the city for its failure to paint the streets orange, there has been little interest in Beck, Gardner and what has been promoted as "Rocky Hockey."

However, now that the Dallas Cowboys have temporarily stilled the Broncomaniacs, the people of Denver may well be starting a whole new craze called Rockymania. When the Rockies skated out for their Saturday night game against the Flyers in the McNichols Sports Arena, they must have thought they were across the road in Mile High Stadium. Accustomed to silent crowds of 7,500, the Rockies were cheered wildly by a madcap gathering of 13,549. The enthusiasm was so catching that the Rockies played their best game of the season.

Beck and his defense partner, John Van Boxmeer, scored the Colorado goals as the teams, miles apart in the standings—Philadelphia sharing the Patrick Division lead with the New York Islanders and Colorado holding down third place in the sickly Smythe Division—battled to a 2-2 stalemate through two pe-

riods. Philadelphia roared out in the third period and scored twice within five minutes to take a 4-2 lead. Colorado normally turns 4-2 third-period deficits into 8-2 defeats, but not this night.

Rookie Randy Pierce and Wilf Paiement scored to pull the Rockies even at 4-4 midway through the period. Then, with slightly less than six minutes to play, the already aroused Rockies became enraged when Philadelphia's Bob Dailey rammed Gardner into the boards, and the Colorado player had to be helped off the ice. Gardner suffered a fracture of his transverse process and will be sidelined for a month.



Rockies defenseman Beck scored his 16th goal in Colorado's 6-4 victory over the Flyers.

Responding to the crowd's screams, the Rockies set up tight housekeeping in the Flyers' end and peppered goaltender Wayne Stephenson with a barrage of shots. At 15:16 Pierce beat Stephenson again after taking a neat pass from rookie Joe Contini, and two minutes later Paiement added still another goal to complete the Rockies' four-goal rally. It was the first time Philadelphia had ever lost to Colorado, and the defeat knocked the Flyers out of first place.

All season long the pressure on Beck, Gardner and Paiement, the Rockies' 22-year-old captain, has been heavy. Colorado owner Jack Vickers lost some \$2.5

*continued*

million on the team last season, and he has told the NHL that he will not continue to underwrite a disaster. The Rockies are well acquainted with bankruptcy, too, having experienced such a fate in 1976 when they were known as the Kansas City Scouts.

"Most teams rely on their veterans to provide leadership," says General Manager Ray Miron. "We can't. So we're asking these three kids to try to do it. Especially Beck. No other rookie is being asked to shoulder what he's shouldering. He's an all-star already, and he still hasn't begun to realize how good he is."

After seeing Beck lead New Westminster, British Columbia to Canada's Memorial Cup Junior Championship last April, Miron chose him in the draft ahead of several better-known junior defensemen. Miron already has turned down a \$1 million offer for Beck from the Toronto Maple Leafs. "There never was any doubt about drafting him," says Miron, "and there's no doubt now that we made the right decision."

Although his steady accumulation of goals and his run at Denis Potvin's 54-point scoring record for rookie defensemen helped Beck gain all-star status, he is not an offensive defenseman in the style of Bobby Orr. He seldom rushes the puck, choosing to stay back while Van Boxmeer tries his Orr imitations.

"I've always preferred to be a defen-

sive defenseman," says Beck. "My job is to prevent goals, not score them. The good teams always have the lowest goals-against averages. When I have to, I carry the puck, and when I see an opening in the offensive zone, I take it. But I'm not someone who likes to rush the puck all the time."

The problem is that not many of Beck's teammates, especially Van Boxmeer, realize there is a defensive end of the ice. "It's ridiculous what Bubba has to do," says Goalie Doug Favell. "We have too many young forwards who don't know too much about playing in our own end and too many young defensemen who only want to rush the puck. Not only is Beck our best defenseman, he often has to do it all by himself. No one can do that, although he certainly tries."

Beck averaged more than 200 penalty minutes a year in the juniors, but he has had just two fights in the NHL. Coach Pat Kelly doesn't want him in the box and, anyway, he doesn't have to fight. From the waist up, he may be the biggest man in the league. One brown from Beck tends to discourage most rivals from crowding Colorado's goaltender.

Aside from a glare, Beck rarely shows any emotion on the ice, even when he is crushing someone with a check. "I guess it's because I had to grow up early," he says. "I came from a fairly tough neighborhood in Vancouver and got in some trouble as a teen-ager. Nothing serious, but enough so that I knew what I didn't want to happen with my life."

While Beck was growing up in a roughneck area, Gardner was enjoying the benefits of a hockey pedigree in Toronto. His father Cal was an outstanding center for New York, Toronto and Boston in the '40s and '50s; today he works on the *Hockey Night* in Canada telecasts. Paul's older brother Dave was a star center for the junior Toronto Marlboros from 1969 through 1972 and now plays for the Cleveland Barons. "I learned at an early age that I'd have to work hard to make it," says Gardner. "Every once in a while Dad would come out in the streets and play, and it would remind me how good NHL players were. And Dave was always ahead of me. For years all I ever heard was, 'You'll never be as good as your brother.'"

So Gardner worked and worked until he became better than his brother. At 6', 175 pounds he looks—and plays—like a skinny Phil Esposito. In his NHL de-

but last season, against Montreal in the Forum, Gardner scored one goal. The next night in Boston he scored two goals. When the season ended he had 30 goals and 59 points in just 60 games. In his first 46 games this year he has 22 assists to go with his 30 goals. "There was only one season between the ages of 14 and 20 when I didn't score 50 goals," Gardner says. "I don't know why, but the puck's always gone in for me."

The why may be a mystery, but the how is another matter. Gardner is a master of tip-ins, skate deflections and shots off various parts of his anatomy. In one recent game Gardner was being shoved out of the crease, but he managed to reach his stick around the defenseman's back and tip in a Van Boxmeer shot. When Gardner scored his 10th goal this season, it came on a slap shot from 30 feet. Van Boxmeer retrieved the puck and handed it to him at center ice. "It's a milestone," said Van Boxmeer. "Your first legitimate NHL goal."

Unfortunately, like many of his Colorado teammates, Gardner is still learning to play defense. "As a kid, you score and score and no one cares if you ever check," says Gardner. "Now that I have to learn it, it's very difficult."

Such are the growing pains on a team without veterans on hand to cover up for the misuses of youth. "Kids make mistakes, and when they do the road to the top of the league seems impossibly steep," says Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman. "But the secret to success is using your top draft picks for talent and filling in around them. Like the Islanders did. With No. 1 draft picks like Beck, Gardner and Parent, Colorado's almost halfway there."

But will there be a Colorado Rockies when they do get there? After crawling from Kansas City to Denver last season, the Rockies tried every type of promotion to boost attendance. One hype consisted of giving away \$5,000 a night for 15 games. Still, half the announced attendance often was on freebies.

Now there are no more free tickets. Instead, the Rockies have launched a big community-relations push, and season-ticket sales reportedly have doubled from 1,600 to 3,200. The actual gate is said to be up 35%, gate receipts 50%. All in all, though, what Denver needs is some Rockymania—or next season Beck, Gardner and Parent may not be around to cheer on the Broncos. **END**



Stick Center Gardner has scored 30 goals



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## On the other end of the whistle now

*Rookie referee Bernie Fryer, a so-so performer in the pros for three years, is a rarity: the only former NBA player on the league staff*



Bernie Fryer, a rookie official in the NBA, was working a game in the Portland Memorial Coliseum early this season when a heckler yelled, "Hey, Fryer, you were a better player than you are a referee." Fryer ignored the remark, but it did not escape Earl Sirom, the veteran official with whom he was paired. In their dressing room after the game, Sirom said, "Did you hear that guy, Bernie? I guess he never saw you play."

In truth, Bernie Fryer wasn't the second coming of Jerry West in his three seasons as a pro. But as a referee he is a

genuine rarity—the only former NBA player among the league's 26 full-time officials. For Portland in 1973-74, New Orleans the next season and then St. Louis in the ABA's last year, Fryer was a marginal player, the kind who averages six points a game during his career. A star at Brigham Young, he earned slightly more than the minimum NBA salary, or about \$30,000—which is \$10,000 more than he makes as an official. In return for freely giving up the ball to his wealthier teammates, Fryer got to see the principal cities of America and to spend time on the benches in their ultramodern arenas. He met plenty of fans, too, usually when he landed in the third row in the process of drawing a charging foul against the likes of Walt Bellamy.

Fryer did have one moment of glory with Portland, a team he made as a walk-on and played for with such abandon that CBS-TV did a halftime feature on him during the final playoff game in 1974. And one of his better offensive displays was telecast nationally, a game in which he scored 22 points against Houston on 9-of-11 shooting. "Sure, I remember Bernie Fryer," says Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch. "He was supposed to be a defensive specialist and wasn't supposed to score 22 points. Every coach in the NBA ripped up his scouting report. Fryer was the guy you would assign to stop a hot scorer you couldn't put cuffs on."

Midway through the 1974-75 season, while Fryer was with New Orleans, he decided to put his extensive bench time to good use. "I watched the movements of the refs," he says. "It occurred to me then that I would never become the best player but I might become the best official if I put in the effort and the years." A Trail Blazer executive remembers one trait Fryer possessed as a player. "He had the guts of a burglar, which should put him in good shape as an official."

Fryer first worked as a professional official in 1976 in the Los Angeles Summer Pro League, where the NBA tests prospective referees. At the time the league was considering a three-official system, and Fryer would have been hired had it been approved. It was not and he returned to Port Angeles, on Washington's Olympic Peninsula, to help his father run his general insurance agency. Last March he received a call asking if

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he was still interested in becoming an NBA referee. A referee strike was in the offing and the upcoming playoffs were what the NBA needed him for, that bothered Fryer. "I wanted a chance," he says, "but I did not want to be a strikebreaker. It was my impression, however, that if I refused this opportunity I might not get another." So he said he would be available and hoped the strike wouldn't come off.

But the officials walked out and Fryer was in the big time. He was assigned to two games in the Golden State-Detroit series and then to one in the Los Angeles-Golden State playoff. His most trying moment came when, after calling a tough foul and then breaking up an incipient fight between a Warrior and a Piston, a Golden State fan came onto the court and punched Detroit's M. L. Carr. Players from both sides hustled off the intruder. Says Fryer, "My attitude in those playoffs was best expressed by another referee who said, 'I hope I have the ability to see the correct calls and the guts to make them.'" Fryer refereed in the L.A. league again last summer before signing as one of the four rookie officials hired this season.

"I don't feel like a rookie, because working those three playoff games was enough to take the rookie out of anyone," says Fryer.

Shortly before his 28th birthday, Fryer came East for a two-game swing, teaming with Don Murphy in a Celtics-Knicks game before 17,416 in Madison Square Garden and the next night officiating a Spurs-Nets game in Piscataway before only 2,637. For Fryer, the two games were as different as the disparity in the crowds. The first went into overtime and, with the exception of a technical foul Murphy called on Earl Monroe for protesting too long and too loudly after Fryer whistled him for charging, it was a well-controlled game. The second, which Fryer worked with Ed Rush, had a rough third quarter. Bernard King of New Jersey and Mark Olberding of San Antonio bumped as they turned upcourt following a Spur basket. In an instant they squared off, fists up. Fryer, working the baseline, had to step in and keep them apart, assessing King a technical foul for launching a punch, at which point Net Coach Kevin Loughery protested the game.

Losing coaches are not apt to be char-

itable about officiating in any circumstances, but Fryer (and his two partners) earned what amounts to a split for the two games. "I thought they did a good job and told them so," said Tommy Heinsohn, then Boston's coach. "I compliment them occasionally—I'm not an ogre, you know." Heinsohn gave Fryer only one of his infamous stares and yelled at him another time. "That's not bad for a rookie," he said, "but it's still early in the season." Loughery did not witness all of his team's loss because Fryer hit him with a pair of technicals a few minutes after the King-Olberding incident and Loughery had to leave the court. Rather than risk an additional fine for publicly airing his displeasure, the Net coach took the "no comment" route.

Houston Guard Mike Newlin played against Fryer in the Western Athletic Conference and had some carefully measured praise for his old adversary after a game that the rookie called and the Rockets lost. "He let the players be the center of attraction and didn't attempt to dominate the game himself," said Newlin. "But he was authoritative, and his calls seemed like the right ones. He could become a good referee."

Fryer has put old friendships and rivalries behind him. "I'm on a different plane now," he says. "I'm not in awe of any of these athletes, because I once played on the same level. It is toughest to put aside the friendships, but I believe I have."

Norm Drucker, the NBA's supervisor of officials, thinks that Fryer's background as a player should be an asset to him. "It is not based on scientific data but is something I have observed over the years," Drucker says. "The middle- or lower-rung player seems the type who becomes a good referee." The star, Drucker believes, is so accustomed to accolades and puts on the back that he does not have the "loner" temperament a referee needs to reassure himself that the decision he has just made is correct and that one entire team and 18,000 screaming fans are wrong.

Fryer's background as a player fits the Drucker "loner" theory. He loves to read, watch movies and follow soap operas on motel television sets, on which the color can seldom be properly adjusted. He is divorced and the father of two children. "I can be perfectly content just sitting at a table by myself drinking my beer," he

says. "If someone wants to come over and talk, O.K. Otherwise I sit alone and it doesn't bother me a bit."

A month's worth of assignments show up in his mailbox on the 15th of every month, and one of the problems he encounters hopping from city to city is adjusting to the different times *All My Children* and *One Life to Live* are on the air. Once he's been around the league a couple of times, he expects to have the TV scheduling whipped.

When Fryer goes to New York he heads for league headquarters and watches films of his work, a part of a continuing review that all officials undergo, particularly in the areas of judgment. If Drucker or one of his staff spots a flaw on film or at a game, he lets the official know about it. "When you do something wrong, you hear from them," says Fryer. "Otherwise, no news is good news."

One of the refereeing maxims that figuratively hang over Fryer's head is that it means little to do a good job in the first 47½ minutes of a game if you blow a call in the final 30 seconds. Fryer also has discovered that no matter how hard or how conscientiously he works, someone in the stands will surely shout, "What game are you watching, ref?" Every coach and fan wants the referee to "call 'em both ways," he says, as long as the crucial last call does not go against his team.

Fryer has the temperament to handle that as well as the divide-and-conquer strategy to which rookie officials are subjected. In the Boston-New York game, for instance, the Celtic bench kept telling Fryer to keep an eye on his partner because "Murphy's getting too old to call this game." At the other end of the court, the Knick brain trust was advising Murphy to "make sure that rookie makes some calls."

Two players race downcourt, one with the basketball, the other a defender. A whistle blows, a foul is called, a temper is lost and an especially profane word is directed at the referee. Technical foul. Fryer recalls such an incident, the only technical he received in his NBA career. Tommy Nance, then a rookie referee and now one of his friends, nailed him. "Tommy was right on the call and correct in hitting me with the T," says Fryer. "The ball had been stolen from me, and I took out my frustration on him." He smiles. "Now that I'm a ref, I wonder if they'll give me back my \$50?"

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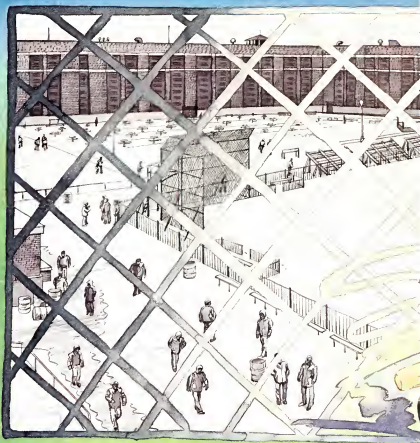
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# STEALING WAS MY



McMullan



# SPECIALTY

Young Ron LeFlore swiped everything but bases. That landed him in prison, where he found he could get along by playing ball  
by RON LEFLORE with TIM HAWKINS



When Ron LeFlore started his first game in center field for the Detroit Tigers on Aug. 1, 1974, he had been playing baseball for slightly more than three seasons, 1½ in the minors and two behind the walls of Michigan's state prison at Jackson, where he was doing five to 15 for armed robbery. An accomplished thief by the time he was 12, LeFlore had no time for sports as a youth. He used his 9.6 speed only when he had to outrun the cops. But since taking up baseball, he has not only stayed on the right side of the law, but he has also hit .296 and stolen 148 bases in the big leagues. In 1976 he had a 30-game hitting streak, longest in the American League since Dom DiMaggio's 34 straight in 1949, and was picked for the All-Star Game. The following is LeFlore's story of how he got into the slammer, and how baseball helped him get out.

*continued*

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## RON LEFLORE

continued

It was my idea, so I suppose you could call me the ring-leader. I might as well take most of the credit. After all, I got most of the blame.

My best friend, Antoine, a guy named Leroy and I were hanging around O'Quinn's poolroom on Detroit's east side one night in January 1970—the 15th, I think—when I suggested we pull a robbery. Just like that.

The three of us had been together the night before, snorting heroin in a dope house across the street, and Antoine and Leroy had spent all their money. I had maybe \$30 in my pocket, and we all wanted to get high again, but I wasn't about to spend all my money on dope for them. A robbery seemed like the logical solution.

Antoine and Leroy were all for the idea. I had my image to protect: if I had backed down, word would have gotten around that I was scared. By then I had become known as the best thief in the neighborhood, and I was proud of that reputation. I wanted to keep it. I was 19 years old, I had spent 19 months in the state reformatory, and I was ready to branch out into bigger and better crimes.

We got Leroy's .22 rifle and were riding around in his '68 Mustang, trying to think of a place to rob, when I remembered a little neighborhood bar called Dee's. It was across the street from Chrysler's Mack Avenue stamping plant. Because it was Thursday, the day the workers got paid, I knew the place would have plenty of money on hand. I assured my friends it would be easy.

When we arrived at Dee's, a couple of people were in the bar having drinks. We waited in an alley until they left, and then the three of us charged in through the back door. Because I was the gutsy one in the group, I carried the rifle. I pointed it at the owner and shouted, "All right, this is a robbery! Don't nobody make any wrong moves, and nobody'll get hurt!"

Antoine and Leroy emptied the cash registers while I watched the owner and his wife. There wasn't any hissing,

we weren't there to hurt anybody. I just told them to lie down on the floor. Then I noticed a small safe in the rear of the bar, so I ordered the lady to open it. I grabbed a bag of money. We dumped the cash from the registers into the bag, too, and told the people not to move until we were long gone. The whole thing only took about 10 minutes. It was easy, just as I had promised.

In his hurry to make the turn as we pulled out of the alley into the street, Leroy bumped the Mustang's light switch with his knee. None of us noticed the lights go out. We were on Mack Avenue by then, under the streetlights, and we were only thinking about getting away from the area as fast as we could.

While we were trying to decide where we should go to split up the money, we spotted a police car coming toward us. The cops blinked their headlights, and for the first time I got scared. I was sitting in the front seat with the rifle in my lap, and I said to Leroy, "If they stop us, I'm going to open fire—and you take off!"

I had my finger on the trigger, ready to shoot, but the police were hinking at us only to let us know our lights were out. After they had passed, I suggested we stop at a dope house because the police would never expect three guys who had just pulled a robbery to be in a place like that. But the others insisted on going to Leroy's apartment. They wanted to split up the money immediately.

I convinced them we should wait until the next day. There was a heat vent in the apartment with a big chest in front of it, and we hid the money there. Then I called a cab so Antoine and I could leave.

When the cabbie pulled up in front and blew his horn, I looked out and saw police cars all over the street. The cops who had seen us driving with our lights out near the scene of the robbery must have gotten suspicious and taken down Leroy's license number.

We never did get to count the money. We didn't know until it was presented as evidence at our trials that we had stashed nearly \$35,000 in that heat vent.

At my sentencing the judge said he had wanted to give me 20 to 40 years because I was the one who had carried the gun. But because I was so young, and because my mother told him I was a pretty intelligent kid, and because he felt sorry for my parents, who had cried during the trial, he had decided to give me five to 15 in the State Prison of Southern Michigan.

The full impact of my sentence didn't hit me until the police took me to the prison in Jackson, about 75 miles west of Detroit. Riding along Interstate 94 in a police station wagon with a couple of other prisoners, I suddenly felt sick to my stomach. The windows were barred, I was handcuffed, I had heavy belly chains around me. I wasn't thinking about being able to get out of prison in five years. I figured I was going to have to serve the full 15.

Then I saw the prison. It was huge, at



least a city block long in each direction, and there was a high, red brick wall around it. There seemed to be a dark rain cloud hanging over the whole place. It looked like something straight out of a nightmare.

My fists were clenched, and I could feel myself sweating. "Be strong," I told myself. "don't cry."

Inside there were nothing but cells stretching as far as I could see. On the outside of the walkways that run in front of the cells, there was a heavy black wire screen from the floor to the ceiling. One of the guards said that was to prevent the inmates from committing suicide by jumping off the walkways.

I looked at that huge cell block and that screen, and for the first time since I had been arrested, I broke down. I didn't feel very tough, or very clever, or very grown-up. I kept asking myself, "How am I ever going to be able to do all that time in a place like this?"

I was a typical kid in many ways. I loved to get into mischief with my friends. If somebody in the neighborhood had a cherry tree in the backyard, we'd climb the tree and steal the cherries. If somebody had sheets hanging on the clothesline, we would pull them down. And we'd run.

I always could run pretty fast. I got a lot of practice running from the police, even when I was young. I liked to throw rocks at cop cars, trying to break their windows. When policemen rode down the street on motorcycles, I'd try to throw sticks through the spokes to make them fall. That was a lot of fun. And it was typical of the way most people in the neighborhood felt about the cops.

While kids growing up in other neighborhoods were playing baseball and football and basketball, I was sneaking around the streets, stealing whatever I could. While other kids were in school studying algebra and geography, I was standing on the corner, drinking wine and smoking grass. While other kids were home with their parents in the evening watching TV, I was hanging around dope houses or selling speed and stolen clothes to prostitutes and pimps. That was the way I grew up. That's not a complaint, and it's not an excuse. That's just the way it was.

Our neighborhood was the worst in Detroit. It was crime-infested. Prostitution, robbery, drugs, murder—everything you could possibly think of was going on in the six- or seven-block area near where we lived.

From the time I was small I saw it all and assumed that was the way the world was. It was no big deal when I stole from a store or let a prostitute know the police were in the area. I knew who the drug addicts in the neighborhood were and where they got their drugs. I took all that for granted, and I was only in grade school.

I stole some of my mother's cigarettes and started smoking when I was nine because the guys I was running around with smoked. I started drinking wine when I was 11 because I saw the older kids standing on the

corner drinking wine. I started smoking marijuana when I was 13 because everybody started smoking marijuana when they turned 13. I began using hard drugs when I was 15 because all the older kids used them, and I thought that was the grown-up thing to do.

I did play basketball in a YMCA league for a couple of years, and sometimes we would get together football or stickball teams and play in the alleys or streets. That was about it. Sneaking around the streets, seeing what we could get away with, appealed to us more than sports.

Stealing was my specialty. As far back as I can remember, I was stealing things and getting away with it. Every time I went into a store I would swipe something, even if it was only a rubber ball or one of those 10¢ miniature pies, just to show the other kids I could do it. I got away with so much stuff that I began to believe I couldn't get caught. Usually everything I did was right out in the open, too. I thought I was the Invisible Man.

When I was 10, I began stealing from the A&P where I worked on weekends. One night while I was in the rear of the store helping the manager, Mr. Richardson, sweep up, I unlocked the back door. After everyone had left, I sneaked back in with some friends, and we stole all the steaks and wine we could carry. We sold them around the neighborhood to prostitutes and drunks. At Christmas I put a dozen hams in a couple of big grocery bags, loaded the bags into a shopping cart and walked out the front door—right past the cashiers, past the manager, past the security guard, past everybody. Nobody said a word. I sold some of the hams, and I took a couple of them home to my mother. I told her the manager had given them to me for helping him sweep up. That was the only time my parents ever benefited from anything I stole.

One Saturday afternoon I noticed one of the cashiers in the A&P placing the money from her register into two brown envelopes. She pushed the envelopes through a slot

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into a drawer underneath the counter and went to lunch. I knew the drawer was locked. There was one under each check-out counter, and I had seen Mr. Richardson open them after closing time and take the money out. I went outside, found a stick and put a wad of bubble gum on the end of it. The register across the aisle was open, and there was a long line of people at that counter waiting to pay for their groceries. That didn't stop me.

I dropped down on my hands and knees behind the counter, poked the stick through the slot into the drawer and

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*This is an excerpt from the forthcoming book "Breakout," by Ron LeFlore with Jim Hawkins, an Associated Features Book to be published by Harper & Row.*

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fished around until I felt an envelope. I jabbed it so the gum would stick and hauled the envelope out. I shoved it down inside my shirt. My heart was really pounding. If the other cashier or any of the customers at the other counter had looked over, they would have seen me for sure. But none of them did.

So I poked the stick into the drawer again and fished the other envelope out. I shoved that inside my shirt, too, and ran home. My mother and father weren't there, so I went into the basement and ripped open the envelopes. As soon as I began counting the money, I knew I'd made quite a haul. I called to my little brother Gerald and shouted, "We're rich! We're rich!" There was about \$1,500 lying on the basement floor. I was 12 years old.

Obviously, stealing was easy for me, and one crime led to another. One Saturday night a group of us, armed with only a big stick, broke into a drugstore and emptied the cash register. We got about \$300. The next day we all went to Edgewater Park, an amusement park on Detroit's west side. We spent every dime we had stolen the night before on candy and games and rides. In fact, we forgot to save money for the bus ride home.

While standing around wondering what to do, I saw a lady go upstairs to the park's administration office with a big bag under her arm. When she came back down a few minutes later, she didn't have the bag. I thought it might have been full of money, so I went up the stairs to scout around. The office door was locked. I borrowed a fingernail file from one of my friends, and after some jiggling and turning of the file in the lock, the door opened. I don't know how—I'd never picked a lock before in my life. I just did what I had seen crooks do on TV.

The office was empty except for a big safe, which was unlocked. There were two bags of money inside, one filled with change and the other with dollar bills. I stuffed the bills in my pockets and took the bag full of change downstairs for my brother and my friends. I told myself that if anybody stopped me going down the stairs, I would say I was looking for the bathroom. I don't know whether it would have worked or not. As usual, nobody noticed me.

Another time when I needed money, I called a lady named Luz, who lived in our neighborhood and was involved in the numbers racket. I asked her to loan me some money so

I could go to a movie. When she refused, I decided to get even and called the police. I don't know whether the people in the house got a tip that the police were coming or not, but they all ran out the back door just before the cops arrived. The police knocked on the door, and when nobody answered they left. As soon as they had gone, I went in the back door and searched until I found a shoe box full of numbers slips and money.

I rounded up some friends, and we went to a sporting-goods store to spend the money. We were going to buy equipment and uniforms and form a softball team called the East Side Upsetters. But then we realized we wouldn't have anybody to play because we'd be the only team in the neighborhood. We bought a few gloves instead, and we played among ourselves the rest of the afternoon. That was the only glove I ever owned as a kid.

Three or four times I was picked up by the police for stealing and hauled down to the Youth Bureau. They would keep me overnight, or sometimes for a couple of days, until my parents came to get me. My father would get mad and scream, "I ain't coming down to get you, and I'm going to stop your mother from coming, too!" But I knew my mother would always come. My father usually came, too.

Actually, the juvenile officers stuck up for me most of the time because they didn't think I was really a bad kid. One of the officers lived down the street from us, and he stopped by the house once in a while just to talk. He had no idea of the things I was doing, I only got caught for the little crimes.

When I was 13 they put me on juvenile probation for robbing a paper boy. I needed some money, so I grabbed a kid and took his collection money. He didn't know me, but someone who saw me did and told the police.

My luck at the friendly neighborhood A&P finally ran out a year or so later. The door to the booth where the manager cashed checks for the customers was open one Saturday, so I went in and helped myself to the money in the cash drawer.

Somebody saw me leave and told the manager. He notified the police. The juvenile officers poked me up at home and took me to the Youth Bureau again. By then I had hidden the money, so I kept insisting I was innocent. While I was denying everything at the Youth Bureau, my brother Gerald was in our basement, playing with his dog in the coal bin where I had hidden the money. He found it and showed it to my mother, and she called the Youth Bureau. I went back on probation.

That fall I quit school. I didn't dare go home until I found a job, so I went to work in a Dairy Queen in the neighborhood, making ice-cream cones and malts—and stealing. If a big order came in when the owners weren't around, I would ring up No Sale and deposit the money in my pocket. One day the owner caught me. He slapped my face and fired me. Until I began playing baseball, that was the only real job I ever had.

Six months after I was placed on probation for robbing the A&P, I was arrested again, this time for trying to crack the safe at a tobacco wholesale company. Since I was already on probation, the judge reopened the A&P case, too, and I was sentenced to two to five years at the Michigan

continued

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# RON LEFLORE

continued

Training Unit at Ionia. I was 15 years old.

The Michigan Training Unit was more like a college campus than a reform school or a prison. They locked us up at night, but we had our own little rooms rather than cells. We went to school during the day. I made up my mind that as long as I had to be there, I was going to get involved in the school program and get my high school diploma. They had a sports program at MTU, and I began thinking again about trying to win a football scholarship so I could go to college. But I blew it. I got caught stealing copies of a biology test to sell to the other kids, and I was sent across the street to finish my sentence at the Michigan reformatory.

When I was sent to Ionia, in January 1966, I was snorting heroin and cocaine regularly and shooting heroin once in a while. When I was released 19 months later, I picked up where I had left off.

I consumed all the drugs I could afford. If I had \$40 or \$50 in my pocket, I would buy \$40 or \$50 worth of dope and do it all up. I never reached the point where I was physically addicted, but I'm sure I was what the doctors call mentally addicted. When I got caught for armed robbery, I had been using hard drugs every day for nine months. Antoine, Leroy and I shot a little dope before we robbed Dee's, and sitting in my cell in the county jail after we got caught, I thought for sure I was going to get sick as soon as the drugs wore off. But I didn't.

Maybe it was because all the while I was using drugs I was at least eating. I'd go home during the day, and my mother would fix me something good to eat. I wasn't just munching on cookies and candy like some of the other guys I had had something in my stomach for the drugs to work on, and I believe that was the reason I didn't become addicted. I guess it was fortunate for me that I got caught when I did, because there's no telling what I might have done if I had really gotten strung out on drugs.

And if I hadn't been nabbed after holding up the bar, there's no telling what crimes I would've tried. I assumed that as I got older and more experienced, other things would be just as easy as stealing had been when I was a kid. I never seriously considered the possibility of getting caught. I figured it was a jinx to

think about it. Thoughts of the police coming after me or of going to prison never seriously entered my mind. I was so lucky that I took my luck for granted.

By the time we were caught for robbing Dee's, I had stolen between \$30,000 and \$35,000. I was 19 years old. The judge said I was a menace to society. That's why he sent me to the state prison at Jackson. Most of the worst criminals get sent to Jackson—the murderers, the rapists, the armed robbers.

**I**t's the largest walled prison in the world—there are more than 57 acres inside its walls—and it was built by inmates from the original Jackson Prison down the road. Maybe that's why it's such a miserable-looking place. Each inmate has a cell, six feet by 10 feet, with a bed, a toilet, a sink, a desk and a locker. After they put all that in the cell, there isn't much room left for the man.

Tough as I tried to act on the outside, I was scared on the inside. I saw all those guys walking around with scowls on their faces, trying to look hard and mean, and I was sure they really were. At first I stayed pretty much to myself. Then I got together with a few guys and played basketball in the afternoon, and word got around that I was pretty good. Inmates began coming up to me and introducing themselves as the manager of the basketball team or the baseball team. I started feeling more at ease. Those guys weren't approaching me like hardened criminals, threatening me or asking how much time I had to do. They assumed that because I was good in basketball, I could play other sports, too, and they wanted to know what positions I played. I was beginning to think prison might not be such an awful place after all.

Some of the guys invited me to practice with one of the intramural softball teams, and even though I had never played very much as a kid, I hit the hell out of the ball. The next day the manager of the varsity softball team asked me if I'd like to try out. I had heard that if you got on a varsity team, you had it made because the varsity players were privileged people in the institution. They didn't have to be locked up in their cells during the day, and they could hang around the gym when they weren't working. So I jumped at the invitation.

I was allowed to play softball all sum-

mer. We practiced every afternoon and played on the weekends. I couldn't believe prison could be so much fun.

They let me out in September. I was transferred outside the walls to the Dalton Farm, where they raised pigs, cows and chickens and grew crops to feed the inmates. Because it was September when I got there, the potatoes were ready to be picked. In the morning they ran a potato digger through the patch, and the potatoes literally jumped out of the ground by the thousands. The convicts had to pick them all up and put them in crates. When I got back to the barracks after my first day in the field, I was covered with black muck. I couldn't get clean, and then and there I decided I wasn't doing that job anymore.

The next morning when we got to the field, I told the man in charge, "You might as well write me a ticket because I can't do this work. It's too hard. I'm just gonna sit here on the truck all day." I sat there, too, smoking cigarettes and watching the other guys pick potatoes.

When we returned to the barracks after work, he wrote up a ticket on me and sent it to the prison About 5:30, while we were eating dinner, a guard came and told me to pick up my clothes because I was going back inside the walls. I went straight to solitary confinement.

I knew what was coming when I refused to work. It was automatic, anytime you refused to do a job you got indefinite solitary confinement. But I preferred solitary to picking those potatoes.

The cells in solitary were the same size as the regular ones, but all that was in them was a toilet, a sink and a cot that was bolted to the floor. There was no mattress. You got two blankets but no sheets, and you had to make a pad of one of the blankets so your body wouldn't be up against the metal cot.

When you were sent to solitary they took away all your clothes and gave you a pair of white coveralls and a pair of gray socks. No shoes, no underwear, no pajamas. You weren't allowed to have soap in your cell. You got to shower and shave once a week, but you couldn't brush your teeth unless you got a visitor. And when you were in solitary you were permitted only two visits a month.

Other than that, you never saw anybody except the hall boys who brought your food. You weren't allowed to smoke. You weren't supposed to talk, and read-

continued

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## RON LEFLORE

continued

ing wasn't allowed, either. All you could do was sit, hour after hour, playing with your lower lip.

After I had been living like that for two weeks, they brought me out of solitary.

"Do you want to go back and work on the farm now?" the officer asked.

"No!" I said, shaking my head. "No way in the world will I go back there and do that dirty job!"

"Then we'll see you in another month," the officer said.

I began doing jumping jacks in my cell, and I noticed that it not only helped me stay warm on chilly days, but that it also tired me out so I could fall asleep. So I started doing sit-ups and push-ups, too. I wasn't in very good shape. After about 10 of each exercise, I would be out of breath. I kept at it, and before long I was able to do 25 sit-ups and 25 push-ups. I gradually built myself up until I was able to do two sets of 25 each a day. Then I started doing three sets, then four. I increased my workouts to 50 sit-ups and 50 push-ups in each set, and after about three weeks, I was able to do 100 sit-ups and 100 push-ups at a time.

I noticed that my chest had expanded and my arms were getting stronger. I always had strong legs, so I began doing bicycle exercises to keep them in shape. I walked a lot, too. I could take three steps, turn around, take three steps in the opposite direction, and turn again. I walked like that for two or three hours every day just to pass the time.

When my month was up they hauled me out again. "You ready to go to the farm now?"

Again I replied, "Nope."

"O.K.," the officer said, "you're going to find out you don't run this place. We run it. We'll see you in another month."

After a couple of weeks they relented a little and moved me upstairs to another detention area, where at least I was allowed to read and have some cigarettes. They even let me brush my teeth.

I was allowed to write letters after I had been transferred upstairs, so I wrote to Gus Harrison, then the head of the State Department of Corrections, requesting my release from solitary.

I kept waiting for a response, but it never came. When Harrison visited the prison on an inspection tour, I called to him from my cell and asked if he had gotten my letter.



"I haven't received anything from you," he replied.

"Well, I wrote you," I explained. "I said I was being treated unfairly here, but I guess the officer who censored my mail never sent it to you."

Harrison must have mentioned it to one of the guards, because after Harrison left, a group of officers came to my cell. I could see they were ticked off. "We sent your letter out," one of them snarled. "He didn't respond because he didn't think you had the right to write to him and complain about how the institution is being run."

Then they opened my cell door and charged me—all five or six of them. It was a real goon squad. I fought back, but I knew there was no way I could win, so I just tried to protect myself. I knew that if I didn't, they would really mess me over. I tucked my head into one guard's chest so they couldn't get at my face, and I started swinging away.

After they had beat me up, they took me downstairs and threw me in the slammer for fighting. When you're in the slammer you can't send correspondence out and you can't have visitors. There are no beds in there—you sleep on the floor. They give you two blankets and your coveralls, and that's it. If you're really bad, they take your coveralls away. The cells in the slammer are only about half the size of the regular cells, and they're solid on all four sides. Unless a guard opens the shutter in the steel door, no light gets in at all. It's pitch black. You have to feel your way around even when you go to the toilet.

Finally, after a total of three and a half months in solitary and in the slammer, they let me out. They didn't ask me if I was willing to go back to the Dalton Farm—I guess they realized I wasn't going to pick anybody's potatoes. They simply told me I had been classified to work in the shoe factory.

I didn't want that job, either. I told myself, "I'll be damned if I'll live by their rules." I hadn't been out a month when I was caught with some spud juice (the moonshine that many of the inmates drink), and I was sent back to solitary.

I was hardheaded, no doubt about that. When I went to prison I assumed I was going to continue to be involved in crime when I got out. I planned to meet people with good drug connections and to open up a dope house. I also thought

about pulling some more robberies, and I made it a point to introduce myself to inmates who had reputations for being good burglars and good armed robbers. I tried to learn all I could from them. I would sit in my cell at night, trying to think of places I could rob when I got out of prison.

When I went to solitary confinement for the second time, I put all those ideas out of my head. I wouldn't say I was thinking about going straight and becoming an upstanding citizen, but I realized that if I didn't change, I was never going to get out of that institution.

If a guy wanted to wheel and deal while he was in prison, the kitchen was the best place to be. There were all sorts of ways you could make extra money, so when I got a chance to work there, I jumped at it.

I began selling tomato puree, yeast and the other ingredients for making spud juice. Because we weren't allowed to have money inside the walls, we dealt in cigarettes. I charged five packs of cigarettes for a gallon of puree. You could make 100 gallons of spud juice with a pound of yeast, so I would cut a pound into 10 pieces and charge a carton of cigarettes per chunk. I sold sugar for a pack of cigarettes a pound.

When I found out how much money there was to be made, I began making spud juice and selling it myself. Five packs of cigarettes was the going price for a six-ounce jar of spud juice. I would take an empty jug, put in a pound and a half of sugar and a cup of puree, add water, shake it all up and then add the yeast. I'd put the cover on loosely so the stuff wouldn't explode.

With cigarettes you could buy anything you wanted: spud juice, food, heroin, cocaine, grass, acid, speed—even real money. Four cartons of cigarettes were the equivalent of a \$10 bill.

As I accumulated more and more cigarettes, I began establishing myself in other businesses. If a guy wanted to buy drugs but didn't have enough cigarettes, I would buy his watch from him for 10 cartons. Later I would sell it back to him for 15 cartons. That way he got his drugs, and eventually he got his watch back, too. Before long I had so many cigarettes that I was considered a rich inmate.

I had quite a bit of real money, too. I

made about \$5,000 while I was in prison. I would loan money two for one: if I gave an inmate \$100, I got \$200 back. I may have decided to straighten myself out, but I hadn't turned stupid.

Sports were merely another con for me. I became involved in athletics because the guys who played sports stood a better chance of getting an early parole. In sports you got to meet the right people, the prison officials and others who could help you out. At first I only played softball, but in the spring of 1971 I tried out for baseball, even though I had never hit a hard ball with a real bat. I made the team, and on May 18, 1971 I played in my first baseball game.

We had quite a team. The catcher was doing 10 to 20 for armed robbery; the first baseman was doing 20 to 40 for armed robbery; the second baseman and shortstop were in for life for murder; the third baseman was doing 7½ to 15 for robbery; I was in left; the centerfielder was doing 20 to 40 for rape; and our pitcher was doing 10 to 20 for rape.

I played baseball with those guys every day, and I kept improving and improving. We practiced every afternoon and on the weekends played games against semi-pro and amateur teams from around the state. Of course, our schedule consisted entirely of home games.

Guys on the visiting teams commented on how good I was, and some of the managers asked where I had learned to play. When I told them I had picked up the game in prison, they couldn't believe it.

I could hit a ball a long way, and I could run. Other than that, I didn't know what I was doing. Nobody taught me how to catch a fly. On the bases, I would slide any way I could.

When I began playing baseball I met Jimmy Karalla, an older guy who was good at athletics and knew a lot about sports. He was doing four to 20 for extortion and was said to be tough, but that didn't bother me. We talked sports all the time, and Karalla told me he thought I had professional baseball potential. I knew I was a good athlete, but I had never thought about baseball as anything more than a way to impress the administration and pass the time.

Karalla kept working with me. He hit me grounders and fly balls and taught me how to slide. He clocked me in 9.6 for 100 yards on a football field where the grass was six inches high and the ground wasn't

continued

# RON LEFLORE

Continued

level. And he kept telling me I had the ability to play professionally. The more he talked about it, the more I thought about it. I began believing him, so I started watching games on TV, trying to learn as much as possible. In August 1971 I wrote to the Tigers' general manager, Jim Campbell, requesting a tryout after I was released. The Tigers sent me a form letter, stating that all their players were scouted and they weren't interested.

I continued to play baseball anyway. I met an old guy, Rabbit Spencer, who had been in and out of prison for 40 years. He had been using drugs that long, too. For some reason he seemed to pay close attention to me. Whenever he saw me doing something wrong, he would call me aside and say, "Look, man, you shouldn't be doing that. It don't make sense for you to ruin your life when you've got a chance to make something of yourself. I've been in and out of this place, and the way you're going, you're going to be doing the same thing."

I guess he caught me at the right time. I already had intentions of trying to change myself for the better. A lot of guys tried to offer me advice, and I listened to them—but I wouldn't hear them. It was different with Rabbit because I knew he had done all the things I was thinking about doing.

After I had put in my mandatory six months working in the kitchen, I was allowed to go to school half a day. I had been in the 10th grade when I quit high school, and in prison I got my diploma. I quit using hard drugs, not because I had to—there were plenty of drugs around—but because I didn't want the hassles drugs caused. I even joined Narcotics Anonymous because I knew it would look good on my record when I came up for parole. In fact, I got involved in as many different programs as I could. I participated in group counseling and Alcoholics Anonymous, and I even started going to church regularly, just to get those things on my record.

My best friend at Jackson, Shorty George Grinnett, and I set up an athletic program for the inmates in the psychiatric ward. They were mostly disturbed kids, 16 or 17 years old, who weren't permitted to participate in the regular sports program. At the end of the year, the deputy warden gave Shorty George and me permission to have a ban-

quet for them. We drew money from our prison accounts and bought food and trophies for the kids. I stole the rest of what we needed from the kitchen, and we had a great banquet.

I finally got a parole hearing in March 1973. I was living in the honor block at the time, which was quite an accomplishment, considering that I had spent five months in solitary and the slammer. I knew that a lot of good reports had been written about me since I started playing sports, and I felt they should have been sufficient to overshadow the bad ones.

The parole board had a rundown on everything I had done from the day I entered Jackson, but during my hearing they only read the bad parts aloud. I sat there like a dunce. I wanted to say, "Why don't you read the good things, too?" But I knew they wouldn't like that, so I kept my mouth shut.

Later I was notified that I had been granted parole but wouldn't get out for at least 90 days. I guess they didn't want to parole me right away because of my bad early record. After more than three years in prison, 90 days seemed like a short time to wait.

In May I heard that the Tigers were planning to visit the prison. I told all my friends that Billy Martin was coming to Jackson to see me. Of course, it wasn't that way at all; the Tigers were coming to speak to all the inmates. I didn't know whether Martin would even be with them. But I kept thinking that this would be my chance.

I'll never forget that day, May 23, 1973. It was dreary, cold and rainy. It was one of the greatest days in my life.

Although LeFlore had no way of knowing it, the sequence of events that would eventually lead to his major league baseball career had begun a year earlier, in May 1972, when Dave Trippett, the prison athletic director, invited Lew Martin, the Tiger director of special events, to bring some ballplayers to Jackson for a goodwill visit. Martin was unable to make the arrangements then, but he kept the invitation in mind. In April 1973 he phoned Kermit Smith, who had succeeded Trippett, and scheduled a visit for May 23.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Karalla had been bombarding a guy named Jimmy Busicaris with calls and letters extolling Le-

Flore's abilities. Karalla's perseverance paid off. Busicaris, co-owner of Detroit's popular Lindell Athletic Club bar, had been best man at Martin's wedding, and while Martin chauffeured slugger Frank Howard and radio announcer Ernie Harwell to Jackson, Martin rode with Busicaris. Along the way, Busicaris casually mentioned LeFlore.

"In the 27 years we've been associated with sports," says Busicaris, "my brother John and I have both been bugged by guys saying, 'I've got a cousin who's an outstanding ballplayer,' or 'I know a guy who can really play ball.' So I didn't pay too much attention when Karalla first started calling me about LeFlore. But Karalla kept on phoning me. They have a rule in Jackson that the inmates have to call collect, and you wouldn't believe what my phone bill was that one month I figured I had better go up there and see LeFlore just to get Karalla off my back."

"On the way to the penitentiary I hesitated to tell Billy about this kid. I knew what he would say. I had already mentioned a couple of guys to him, and he'd said, 'Yeah, Jimmy, I know. I hear the same thing all the time.'"

"Finally I said, 'There's a guy up here I'd like you to take a look at if you get a chance.' Billy kind of laughed, and I didn't say anything about it."

Martin and the prison's assistant athletic director, Bob Sudberry, waited at the main gate for Busicaris and Martin. As they stood there, Sudberry told Martin about a young athlete in the institution, a fellow Sudberry thought might be good enough to play professional baseball.

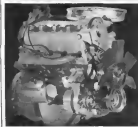
"I happened to be looking at the prison newspaper at the time," Martin recalls, "and I noticed that LeFlore's name wasn't mentioned in any of the articles or in the box scores. 'If this guy LeFlore is so good,' I said, 'how come he isn't playing on your baseball team?'"

Sudberry explained that LeFlore was going to be paroled in August and was living in a facility removed from the general population of the prison, getting himself prepared to go home. Then Sudberry went to make a telephone call. A few minutes later, a prison vehicle pulled up and a muscular, good-looking young black man stepped out. It was LeFlore.

"Martin arrived at about the same time, and Sudberry introduced Ron to

continued

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# RON LEFLORE

continued

Billy. Later we were standing in the yard talking, when all of a sudden a circle of inmates had formed around LeFlore and Martin. One fellow, a big white dude, yelled, "Hey, Martin, give the boy a chance!" Martin looked around at all those guys, saw he was outmatched and said to Ron, "Son, whenever you're in Tiger Stadium, come down and I'll give you a workout."

"A few weeks later, on June 15, I happened to be in Martin's office a couple of hours before a game, when the phone rang. Billy answered it and then put his hand over the receiver. 'Who's Ron LeFlore?' he asked."

"I said, 'He's the guy you met at Jackson.'"

"'Yeah, that's right,' Billy said."

"He uncovered the phone and said, 'When you coming down, Ronnie?'"

"The voice on the phone said, 'Tomorrow.'"

I went to Detroit on a weekend furlough, and when my father and I got to Tiger Stadium, Busicaris took us right into Martin's office. Billy told the clubhouse man, Jack Hand, to dig up a uniform for me and then introduced me to some of the players. Right away everybody began giving me things.

The first guy I met was Art Fowler, the pitching coach, who gave me a glove. Frank Howard gave me a couple of bats. So did Willie Horton and Al Kaline.

After I had dressed, Billy took me onto the field where the extra men were having batting practice. Fowler was pitching, and Billy told me to go right into the batting cage and start taking some cuts.

I stepped up to the plate, swung as hard as I could at the first pitch and missed. However, I don't think I missed another ball the rest of the day.

I later learned that Billy had gotten ahead of Jim Campbell and that Campbell had watched me for a while from his private box down the right-field line. The reporters on the field, waiting for the game to start, tried to talk to me, but Billy told them they couldn't because I wasn't part of the organization.

After practice I took a shower while the Tigers got ready to play that day's game against the Minnesota Twins. But they seemed more interested in me than

in the Twins. They were genuinely thrilled at what they had seen. Duke Sims said I looked like a real good ballplayer. Busicaris told me later that a lot of players approached him or Martin while I was in the shower and said they were very impressed with me. Kaline told Busicaris that I looked like I was better than anybody the Tigers had at Toledo, their top farm club. He said if it was up to him, he'd sign me right away. Martin had talked to Campbell by then and said the club wanted me to work out as soon as possible in front of their scouts at Butzel Field in northwest Detroit.

The following weekend I was granted a one-day, eight-hour pass, and on Saturday morning my father picked me up. Riding to Detroit I thought how I would show them what I could do at the workout. Then, as we reached the outskirts of Detroit on Interstate 94, my father's car threw a rod.

I was sick. I was going to miss the workout, and the whole thing was going to fall through. Standing on the highway alongside the car, I kept yelling at my father to do something—anything—to get the car started. Of course, there was nothing he could do. It was about a quarter after nine, and I was supposed to be at Butzel Field at 10 o'clock. We couldn't see a gas station or a telephone, so we started hitchhiking. A factory worker who had just gotten off the midnight shift picked us up and drove us all the way to Butzel Field. I never knew his name, but I certainly was grateful.

The workout had already begun when we arrived. But Bill Lajoie and Ed Katalinas, who are responsible for signing all the Tigers' new players, stopped everything and held a special workout for me. I didn't have a uniform. I wore prison dungarees and a short-sleeved shirt. But that didn't hinder me.

Lajoie teamed me with a guy who was supposed to be the fastest player there, and I beat him by 10 yards in the 60-yard dash. They clocked me in 6.2. They put me up against the best pitcher there when I took batting practice, and I hit the ball well again. Katalinas and Lajoie sent me to the outfield and told me to throw a few balls. They seemed very pleased.

They took down my parents' address and telephone number and asked if I would like to sign a professional base-

ball contract when I was released from prison. Just like that. I couldn't believe it. I was so excited that I could hardly say yes.

However, according to Martin, the Tiger front office was not all that eager to take a chance on LeFlore. "They weren't too excited about signing him," says Martin, who was fired by Detroit later that season. "I brought him to the park to work out, and I was crazy about him. Mickey Stanley, Norm Cash, Al Kaline—all the guys liked him, too. They said, 'Billy, he's sensational!'"

"But one guy in the organization, and I don't want to name him, said, 'But Billy, he's in jail.' And I asked that guy, 'Where do you think you got Gates Brown from—kindergarten?'"

Campbell, who as farm director was involved in signing Gates Brown out of an Ohio reformatory in 1959, denies any reluctance regarding LeFlore.

"That's absolutely untrue," Campbell says. "We were never hesitant to sign Ron. We demonstrated our confidence in a fellow who had served his time when we signed Brown. And Gates conducted himself in every way like a pro athlete should. It was because of the fine example Gates had set that we were willing to give Ron a chance."

"Ron had served his time, and he was highly recommended by the people in the prison system. I don't know how many other organizations have signed players who have been in trouble or in jail, but we have and I'm proud of it."

I didn't give the Tigers a chance to change their mind. When I was paroled a month early, on July 2, my father and I drove straight to the ball park, where my parole officer and his supervisor were waiting in Campbell's office to explain the procedures the ball club and I would have to follow. I had been released a month early because the Tigers had assured the parole board they had a job waiting, and I was placed in the custody of the ball club. After all the rules had been explained, I signed my first professional baseball contract: a \$5,000 bonus and \$500 a month for what remained of the 1973 season. Finally I was going to be making money legally.

**END**

"Because he just happens to be a multimillionaire, he may pull it off. If he does, it would be merely another of the 49-year-old attorney's many distinctions. He was on two of Nixon's enemies lists, took a fling at running for governor of California, helped start Common Cause and a number of other organizations and made a bundle of bucks along the way. After all that, most men would be happy to sit back on their yachts and sip Chateau Margaux. But Marty Stone much prefers a 20-minute stint on the pitching mound followed by a couple of Fenway franks and a beer in the grandstands."



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Where did this appear? Fortune? Forbes? Money? No, it's from a baseball article by Peter Gammons, *His Biggest Pitch Is Yet to Come*, in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sports is many-faceted.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## SUPER COWBOYS

Sir:

Your coverage of the Super Bowl (Doomsday at the Dome, Jan. 23) was the best anywhere. After seeing all the newspapers the morning after, all with ordinary photographs and articles, I knew only SI could put together a story that would mean anything. Dan Jenkins' writing was great, but I really loved photographer Neil Leifer's super shot of the Superdome. It captured everything, including the emotion on the Dallas sideline. Another tremendous job by the world's best sports magazine!

SFENCER ROSMAN  
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sir:

Dan Jenkins' colorful description of exciting and game-breaking plays was rivaled only by the color in the excellent photographs. The story serves as proof that Super Bowl XII was not at all boring.

BILL O'CONNELL  
Elmore, Ohio

Sir:

Give the Orange Crush some credit. Dan Jenkins seems to think that the only reason the outcome of the Super Bowl wasn't worse for Denver is that Dallas displayed a flamboyant offense that was a little too "cutey." Because of the turnovers by the Broncos offense in the first half, Dallas could have had 35 points rather than 13. But Denver's defense stopped those drives short of the goal line. Only a super catch by Butch Johnson and a tricky play sent in by Dallas Coach Tom Landry beat the Denver defense in the second half. The Orange Crush was there through the whole game. It was the Denver offense that didn't show up. So much for Broncosians, but cheers for the Orange Crush.

JOE VALDEZ  
Burlingame, Colo.

Sir:

The heck with all the AFC-is-superior-to-the-NFC analyses (Vince, You Wouldn't Believe It, Nov. 21 et seq). The plain fact is that the NFC Dallas Cowboys were able to steamroll the AFC Denver Broncos and their much-heralded Orange Crush defense, while themselves playing one of their poorer overall games in recent memory.

BOB LEDGERWOOD  
Pens. Yan, N.Y.

Sir:

Minnesota fans have been irritated, then amused and now bored by your many demeaning references to the Vikings. Despite the fact that the Vikings have won nine division and four conference championships in

the last decade, they seem to be singled out for having committed the "sin" of being in one-third of the Super Bowl games to date but never winning. Given the Vikings' total record, it is fanciful, if not deceptive, to imply that the team cannot win the big games.

SHERMAN E. NELSON  
Minneapolis

## "NORMAL" TENNIS

Sir:

Thank you for one of the funniest articles on tennis I've ever read (*The Game Normal*, People Play, Jan. 23). Peter Nord really put my mind to rest. Now when I hit a backhand over the fence or when my lob goes up and comes down three courts away, I simply console myself with the knowledge that I am just a normal human being.

MARK ROTH  
Kettering, Ohio

Sir:

I have been through more than 75 tennis manuals, 19 tennis instructional films and numerous videotapes of lessons given by tennis professionals, but now the heart of the game has been laid bare. Thank you, Peter Nord (and Dr. Henry Ruston). I have done away with my antiquated "improvement" library (which included SI's how-to books). I have also done away with my tennis racket. I have done away with tennis. How soon will a Nord guide to golf be published?

DAVID GEMIN  
Carbondale, Ill.

Sir:

Did Peter Nord enter your editorial offices with a submachine gun and force you to run his article? If you paid for that drive it was a big ripoff.

C. WINN LUTCHER  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

## LOSING HOCKEY

Sir:

E. M. Swift's piece on Princeton's dreadful 1-22 hockey team (*Practice Didn't Make Perfect*, Jan. 16) deserves praise of the highest degree. Living in a city full of "winners," it is refreshing to read of a gutsy, puck-blocking writer who grew from his setbacks. I hope the spirit and camaraderie displayed by the Princeton hockey fans, who continued to back the team despite its losses, may be recalled by the spoiled spectators of this town if we ever have our first big loser.

MICHAEL SCHILL  
Cincinnati

Sir:

Aside from the author's humility and wit, what impressed me most was the appearance of that seemingly endemic species, the faith-

ful hockey fan. Would one more win have spoiled those diehard fans? It didn't spoil the fine people of Tampa Bay when the Buccaneers won for a second time.

BATE MCKELVAY  
Hurley, Wis.

Sir:

Thanks to E. M. Swift, I can see that the St. Louis Blues could be doing worse.

CHRIS OCHOA  
Venice, Ill.

Sir:

It should be noted that E. M. Swift played two more seasons for Princeton's dauntless hockey team, during which Princeton lost 36 more games and allowed the most goals in Eastern College Athletic Conference Division I play. In one game against Cornell, Swift surrendered 12—and made 60 saves.

As a sportswriter for the *Daily Princetonian*, I interviewed Swift on the eve of his final game. During that interview he made known his interest in writing. His senior thesis, he told me, was the first draft of a novel. "Is it autobiographical?" I asked him. "Does it draw upon your experience as a Princeton goalie?"

"In a way," he said. "It's about the Johnson flood."

JOHN JAY WILHELM  
Princeton '75  
Battle Creek, Mich.

## BIG-TIME FOOTBALL

Sir:

According to the new NCAA criteria (*The NCAA Splits Its Decision*, Jan. 23), a school that participates in eight varsity sports qualifies to play Division I-A football if it plays 60% of its games against other I-A teams and has had an average home attendance of 17,000 during one of the last four years and also plays its home games in a stadium seating 30,000 or more spectators, or has had an average attendance of 17,000 over the last four years. A school that participates in 12 varsity sports may also qualify, without meeting the attendance and/or seating requirements (a concession that came only after much debate).

Perhaps it is naive not to make the connection between athletic success and stadium capacity, or not to perceive a relationship between scholastics and average home attendance, but don't these criteria raise serious questions about the NCAA's commitment to the scholar-athlete ideal?

MALCOLM B. O'HARA  
Pennington, N.J.

Sir:

In this day of overinflated salaries and egos, why doesn't the NCAA show some restraint

continued



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### 15TH HOLE continued

and hold its ground instead of trying to emulate the pros? Professional football has already become too automated, computerized and predictable, not to mention overexposed.

Now the cream has risen to the top in college football (Division I-A), undoubtedly perpetuating the "professionalism" in the college ranks. It seems inevitable that more scholarships, more spending and more extensive recruiting will result, thus creating more distance between I-AA and I-A, and at the same time moving the latter one step closer to the "run on first down" football we are accustomed to seeing on Sunday afternoon.

Professional sports are beginning to create their own downfall, and owners are going to have to wake up soon. Why then doesn't the NCAA recognize this and proceed in a different direction? The next thing you know, juniors in high school will be declaring themselves hardship cases. I would hate to see the bubble burst.

ROBERT H. BAXTER  
Atlanta

### NOTRE DAME'S TITLE

Sir,

It appears that the No. 1 product of Alabama is sour grapes (SCORCARIANO and 19TH HOLE, Jan. 23). "Bama fans obviously have a great deal of animosity toward Notre Dame, undoubtedly because the Irish have beaten the Tide three times in three games. Notre Dame is No. 1 because it was a top-ranked team and soundly thrashed the previous No. 1 team. Simple logic. If you study the final AP Top 10 teams, you will find that Alabama did not play a single one of them. Notre Dame played two of the final Top 10 and four of the final Top 20. Only Texas played a "tougher" schedule, playing three of the final Top 10, one being Notre Dame. Against common opponent USC, Notre Dame won 49-19 while Alabama squeaked by with a one-point win, 21-20. So, no matter how you look at it (except with the tunnel vision of a "Bama fan"), Notre Dame is No. 1.

F. D. BOSCH  
Evansville, Ind.

Sir,

If Alabama backers are as unconvinced about Notre Dame's 1977 national championship as we Penn State fans are about the "national championships" of Ohio State in 1968 and Texas in 1969 (years during which the Nittany Lions were undefeated), why don't they pursue a real national championship—via a playoff—instead of "legislating" a Top 10 as proxy as those of the polls and obligating themselves to play in the Sugar Bowl each time Alabama wins its conference?

I can see it all now. The winners of the Southwest, Southeastern, Big Eight and Pacific Ten Conferences will all be undefeated someday but unable to play each other because they are married to their individual bowls. Hooray for independents such as Penn State, Notre Dame and Pittsburgh, which will

be free to seek a national championship determined on the field of play, not in the prejudiced minds of coaches and sportswriters.

JAN JOHNSON  
Newark, Del.

### FINKE AND ALGER

Sir,

I have long wanted an excuse to write and thank you for the offset stones you publish that capture the true flavor of sport more effectively than any number of Super Bowl or America's Cup features. A case in point: Kelly Jontoff, who also teaches English at Kent State, and I agree that 47 Years a Shoe-Freak (April 20, 1970), chronicling the career of Wilfred Hetzel, is the finest sports story ever published. The Eddie Figner (A Kang With-out a Crown, Aug. 21, 1972) and Marty Reisman (A Little Night Music, Nov. 21, 1977) stories were also outstanding.

In your Jan. 23 issue the story of Evil Eye Finkle (Evil in the Eye of an Older Beholder) is in that tradition. However, as a longtime collector of Horatio Alger books and former treasurer of the Horatio Alger Society, I must point out that Ben Finkle must have had a genuine identity crisis as a child. He reports, "I never could figure who I wanted to be: Ragged Dick or Tattered Tom." Tattered Tom is actually a girl whose name is either Jane or Jenny (Alger was not always consistent himself). Perhaps it is from this genuine tension that Finkle derived his ocular dexterity.

DAN FULLER  
New Philadelphia, Ohio

### VIEW FROM STRATTON MOUNTAIN

Sir,

In your recent article on Burke Mountain Academy (It's All Downhill from Here, Jan. 2), Douglas Looney gives credit begrudgingly to the many achievements of Warren Wilberforce and his ski academy and seems more interested in creating witty one-liners than in analyzing the strengths and weaknesses of a successful sports academy. Ski academies just might be the solution to the lack of consistent success of U.S. skiers at the international level. Certainly they are here, and they deserve serious consideration.

Contrary to the article, it is possible to combine successfully academe and athletic excellence. Stratton Mountain School's college placement record (and the achievements of its graduates in college) compares favorably with that of any college preparatory school in the country. And our students continue to ski well enough to earn places on our national ski team.

DONALD BURKE  
Headmaster  
Stratton Mountain School  
Stratton Mountain, Vt.

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